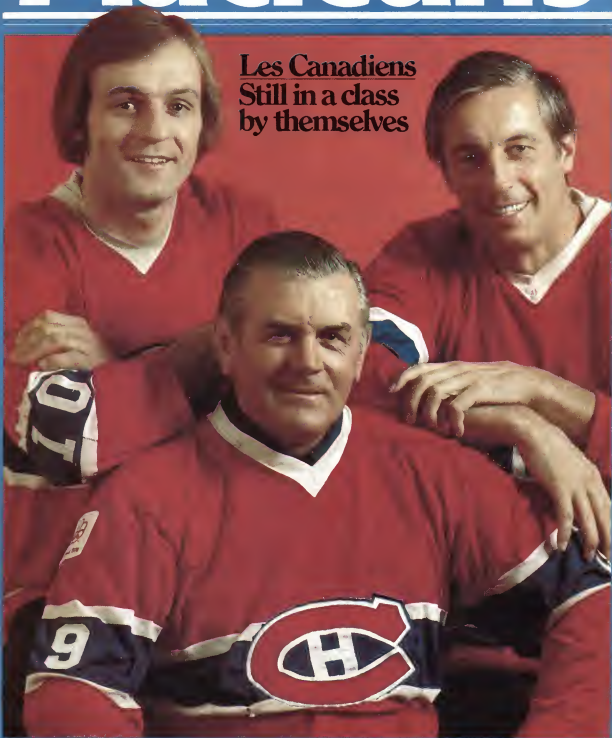


Maclean's

Les Canadiens
Still in a class
by themselves



**This is what
Tilden charges for mileage.**

per mile



CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. 88, NO. 6

Maclean's

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But there, the game's age and history counted in 1967 with the expansion. Hockey became a man's game and, as practiced by the Philadelphia Flyers, a flag's game. Teams such as the once proud Leafs wanted for endowment. But through it all, the devotion, and try influence and money, one team kept the faith. "The Montreal Canadiens," as Robert Miller writes, "are seldom considered as mere ice crusade." **Page 2**



connected with the Marzani Olympic complex is the museum of the Olympic Village. Last fall, police raided the offices of the builders, seized their records but the questions remained: Why has the architect/developer project cost \$180 million? Why was it built in the first place? Why? Angel Ferrante: Invents the history of the village. From closed-door events in Vietnam to the offices of Joseph Zappa, answering these questions and others that needed to be asked. **Page 34.**



are somewhat reminiscent by the demographics of the U.S. Provide a real primer on the fact it has more with the mudoven at Washington Bureau Chief Walter Stewart explains, the priorities are nearly insupportable "a race in which a dozen starters line up at different spots in the track, take off in different paces, drop out when they feel like it." And yet, Stewart concludes, the problems are intrinsic to the system that gave Canadian Prime Trudeau and Joe Clark. **Page 42**

Joseph Zappa once said: "Most people, having lost their own rights and freedoms, acted by the police, would go to ground, but Zappa—president of Los Terceros Zepheros Inc.—the consortium building Montreuil Olympic Village, reacted instead by announcing his candidacy for the leadership of the Conservative Party and making himself even more public, and accessible. Getting to Zappa then was no problem. He was a graduate of the same high school as I was. He was a friend, and he was a fighter. That was the key, friend, self-defense, and he was in Montreuil, involved with more than 40 people, and would keep deepening the facial similarities that went into the making of the Olympic Vill. So then another reader re-



came worked at the Montreal Star and Gazette before joining *Maclean's*) usually go on to stories with a work-out theme, but

staple are exactly the ones that are needed (as destroyed) by the ones they are ready to write. And so it goes with Zappia. The story of the Olympic Village can be explained in terms of a man's personality. Ferrante concluded: Zappia is simply built to be the Graceland Show on Earth, which was an apparent nice way to be "coursed." Ferrante adds: because he built this village. So, he became the big man, calling her in, telling her, checking with her constantly about what his patients were saying about him, and playing on the "if how the kids think, sign-off" theme by bowling down from time to time to the next longest list: Zappia, Ferrante, and the other two. Zappia, Ferrante (in my opinion) does with Ferrante, as with all good reporters, pretty's job is to think they should.

[illegible]

Interview

With Pauline McGibbon

Fernest Betty Frieden once referred to you as a pioneer in "outright exploitation, and in an age of paternalistic reformers (government) welfare agencies and paid social workers (I must often seem so). But consider Pauline McGibbon, the President-Governor of Ontario (the first woman to hold that job in Canada), who among other things has served on a voluntary capacity on the board of governors of the National Theatre School, was chancellor of the University of Toronto and a member of the Canada Council. It is no coincidence that this woman, who claims she got her basic training (parliamentary procedure, report writing and public speaking) through a long association with the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, has never been exploited. She is above all else a diplomat. Her motto, what the question she has a quick and unflinching answer that never breaks protocol, never of course. Those who meet her come away charmed. She is warm, frank and informal as well as accomplished. Her duties as the Queen's representative in Ontario include the royal opening and closing of the provincial legislature, signing bills and entertaining distinguished guests. Mrs. McGibbon thinks: "There is still more in this hectic world for women's equality and history." In the last year since her appointment in April, 1974, she has spoken to 200 organizations and schools, entertained 19,789 people and received 64 ambassadors and consular general. She arrives at her office at nine o'clock and often sits at her desk until three thirty, signing documents and answering invitations before attending afternoon and evening functions. (Associated Press/Kelly interview) Mrs. McGibbon of her office recently told McGibbon:

McGibbon: I don't know if you can only tell me what the men chairman of the board when he asked me to join the board. I was then chairman of the board.



TOKENISM? THAT'S STUPID. I'VE NEVER BEEN A TOKEN, NO MATTER WHAT I DID

McGibbon: When your appointment as Lieutenant-Governor was announced, some people thought that it was tokenism, a honor for the women's movement. Did that bother you? Did it annoy you?

McGibbon: I don't think I could say I resented it because I thought it was stupid. I've never been a token, no matter what I did. I've always enjoyed being on boards, whether they were voluntary organizations or government. When there was a meeting, board-meeting and women, I have never seen in my life felt I was there as a token woman.

McGibbon: You have been the first woman chairman of the board of governors of the National Theatre School, the first woman president of the Canadian Engineering of the

University of Toronto, and a member of the Canadian Club, and on the board of both the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire and the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. How do you explain all these jobs?

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the board? Were people prepared to listen to you?

McGibbon: I think I did, but it's hard for me to say. You'd have to ask them. I never had any hesitation about taking questions, and they were always answered just as if Tom Blais [president of the Club] had asked them. I got the same consideration that he would have.

McGibbon: You have obviously broken a lot of new ground. But it has a certain effort on your part to do so.

McGibbon: No. Things like this just seem to happen to me. I guess I'm in the right place at the right time.

McGibbon: Were you brought up to believe that you could do anything that you wanted to do?

McGibbon: Not consciously, but you see I was brought up in a very comfortably-minded family, and you either go along with that style of living or you rebel against it. I went along with it. My mother and my father were both very active in politics. My mother was a member of the board of education for 21 years. She wasn't the first woman she was the second. She was mixed up in all kinds of organizations, as well as in my father. It never occurred to me that there was anything I couldn't do—except mathematics.

McGibbon: How you found mathematics so easy the way?

McGibbon: Never. Never. I can really honestly say that I have other women talk about discrimination, and I can see going along with that style of living or you rebel against it. I went along with it. My mother and my father were both very active in politics. My mother was a member of the board of education for 21 years. She wasn't the first woman she was the second. She was mixed up in all kinds of organizations, as well as in my father. It never occurred to me that there was anything I couldn't do—except mathematics.

McGibbon: No. There would be times when he might be in Halifax and I might be in Vancouver and we would be taking long distance to each other but there weren't any conflicts.

McGibbon: But in a public sense, at least, he has been very active in the background. How did that affect you? How was the press?

McGibbon: Not so that Donald would ever admit to it. But I don't know. I wonder sometimes what people have said to him, what other men have said to him. I don't know. Today I think I've accepted that news of things and go plans, but where we were first married I think an awful lot of our friends thought that Don spoiled me because he finished everything I was doing in the voluntary field. He kept saying that I was a more interesting person to live with because of the things that I did.

McGibbon: I don't know if you can only tell me what the men chairman of the board when he asked me to join the board. I was then chairman of the board.

Why do they always bring Bonded Stock?



Because most people like it.

McGibben: How was your experience there?

McGibben: Oh, you couldn't have done the things that I have done if you didn't have support. This is one of the things that I feel women's lib didn't recognize when I took on this position. There was intense criticism because I said in an interview that when the Prime Minister phoned me I asked for time to discuss it with my husband. Now, you couldn't do this job unless it was a team effort. If say, Don had been asked to do this job, I'm sure he would have wanted to talk it over with me, because it would certainly change my life if my husband was going to be the Lieutenant-Governor. And I didn't know how much it was going to cost Don, I was a naturally so I certainly wanted to talk to him about it.

McGibben: You have no children? Was that a conscious decision, because you wanted to pursue other goals?

McGibben: No, it had nothing to do with goals at all. And I can't honestly explain the background on this one, because I've thought about it. I was an only child, an only grandchild on one side of the family, the only child in the block where we lived, and I just never was interested in babies. My friends got with laughter when somebody has a new baby and I say, "My what nice baby," or something like that. I like my friends' children when they grow up, but I must say before don't contact me at all. Never have.

McGibben: You've never been considered a feminist in the radical areas of that world and yet I know that the women's movement has been important to you. What are your thoughts on the progress or the lack of progress that women are making today here and abroad?

McGibben: Well, it happens to me that International Women's Year was not the feminist that we hear about women saying, I disagree with them. I think if it didn't do anything else, educated men and women in some of the regulations that come, particularly equal pay for equal work and responsibility. I think we have increased some of the women who were on the fringe in taking a more active part in decision-making to improve things for women. I think that we will continue to see an improvement. Now you don't accomplish these things overnight. You don't make mistakes overnight. I at first being signing documents, appointing women in positions of the peace in situations in the government. And you look at the financial pages of your newspapers and you see that there are women being appointed now to boards, and there are women moving into middle and upper echelons in business. Yes, I feel we are making an improvement.

McGibben: You said that you felt the subordination of the women's movement is a

McGibben: I think it was necessary at the beginning. You didn't get the information, you didn't know and I think you had to have a Betty Friedan's *Gender Crisis*. You had to have these people speaking

the movement, stirring people, women as well as men, so that this that women were feeling behind and being discriminated against, that now I think the moderates are starting to move, and the day of the radical is over. As I have said in speeches, I hope that the word "liberal" will become as old-fashioned as the word "feminist."

McGibben: You have never felt you were a second class citizen in any way because you are a woman?

McGibben: Never, never. Oh no, I wouldn't want to be anything like like a woman I love it.

McGibben: Who appointed you to the Queen's representative in Ontario, and how was it done?

McGibben: The lieutenant-governor was appointed by the Governor General in Council, but you know and I know that the



I THINK THE DAY OF THE RADICAL IN THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IS JUST ABOUT OVER

Governor General in Council named the federal cabinet. Mr. Trudeau phoned and asked me if I would accept this position, apologizing as it is rather interesting way saying that he felt that he was offering me a merely a ceremonial position. It sounded as if he felt he should be asking me to do something with a bit of real—greater respect to it. But I got news for Mr. Trudeau that in a very heavy position. I had no idea. In 33 months I've signed roughly 200,000 documents and by the end of my second year is up to be up around 250,000 documents. And they are all signed by hand. People think there is a rubber stamp or it is done by machine, but

it isn't. They are all signed by hand.

McGibben: You have an impressive record and responsibility. It is not your power to withhold legislation that the legal system has passed. Now also have the responsibility in the event of a breakdown in the election to choose which party will form the government. Do you worry about that?

McGibben: The only time I worry is when we are in an election. The day of the election I just hope somebody gets a majority, that it doesn't end as a tie.

McGibben: I know that you can't talk about politics, but I would like to know whether you try and keep yourself on top of the controversial issues and if so, how?

McGibben: I take the signing of bills very seriously. When the orders in council come down the prime minister's office, I am prepared to give me a brief statement of what is in them. I often read them myself. If I don't understand I ask questions, and the answers are given for me. As far as legislation is concerned, before I give my assent to the clerk of the House comes in and we go over the bill together. If there has been a very contentious bill and I want to know more about it—this is an understanding the Premier and I have—either the minister or the deputy minister will come over to explain in private and confidential.

McGibben: I'd like to talk about the monarchy for a moment. It seems to me that Canadians can be divided roughly into three groups: There are a great many Canadians who feel a sense of awe and respect to the monarchy, particularly older generations. Or there's a middle group that respects the monarchy as a constitutional device, important for the running of the country. And there is a third group that is either completely against or advocates the abolition of the monarchy. Where would you place yourself?

McGibben: In the middle group. No one has been able to outline to me a system of government that would be as responsible as our form of democracy, and you don't toss out something that is working unless you are damned sure that what you are going to replace it with is going to be much better.

McGibben: I suspect that as generations pass the monarchy will become a diminishing force in Canadian life. Do you agree?

McGibben: I think it will depend on the people who are appointed, be it Prince Charles, if he follows the Queen as the Governor General or the lieutenant-governor. I think it is up to us, the representatives of the monarchy, to show that we are working that what we are doing is not just a fill, that we do make a contribution to constitutional democracy. Thus, I think that the monarchy is a very important part of the particular form of government.

McGibben: How do you explain the love and affection on some Canadians feel for the Queen and the royal family? How does that play into the love and affection toward the monarchy themselves as the institution they represent?



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McGibben: Is the case of the Queen Mother I think is the Queen Mother here? You got her in the case of the Queen? I've watched her in several visits here. At first she was very shy, very tall and people didn't feel that friendly. But when she was over here the last time she was given a changed picture, far more relaxed. And I felt she was relaxed to her in a way they hadn't before.

McGibben: Do you feel that she is enjoying or a little place in the country?

McGibben: I would say that outside of Quebec she is her role in the Queen of Canada is a loving force. This unfortunately is what people don't realize when they criticize the Queen in Canada. Other people are elected. Governments resign. During an election there is an interim period where everybody is fighting, but the Governor General, the lieutenant-governor. They command. They are above politics, and I think it's terribly important to have somebody who is above politics. The people feel that they can talk to her. Now, as I go around Ontario to small communities and to large ones, I honestly sense a feeling of people working together for the good of their community. And when the representative of the Queen appears, their ability to help them celebrate their birthday anniversary, who lives the country, it means a great deal to that community.

McGibben: You've talked a good deal in the past about the importance of tradition and the importance of symbols to a nation.

McGibben: Well, let's face it, these accents and traditions that we have, we have always done something in that way doesn't mean we always should do it in that way. Particularly if there is a better way to do it. And as everybody recognizes traditions have changed in Canada. The flag, to be personal. But I don't want to put every place I go in a museum that there was a day when you would never have appeared without a hat and white gloves. I feel that tradition—and with the tradition goes a certain amount of paganism—is a very good thing. Our life would be pretty dull and pretty dull if we didn't have tradition.

When we got concerned, say, for the flag and the first of the opening of the legislature, people forget that Russia and China, to name just two countries, do exactly the same thing. They recognize that people need color and paganism. They do it with athletes, business, they attend events, parties. We do it in a different way and of course, I really feel that England does it best of all.

McGibben: Do you ever personally get tired or bored of it all the fuss and feathers?

McGibben: No, I really don't. Because when I say fuss and feathers, I mean that I go with on one sense place and I always have security with me so they're with me whether I have an aide and his wife or not. No, I don't. I think it adds to the pleasure of the occasion for people watching.

McGibben: You've been between public life in a lot of different ways for many years.

How can you continue to do public life?

McGibben: Well, years ago I considered meaning for the board of education, but I didn't have children and people believed at that time that you didn't have children you shouldn't try to talk about their education. There would be more on the board and they might not have children, but if a woman was going to be on the board of education she had to have a child. I realize now that I don't think I could have taken politics. I watch these political conventions, and I'm glad that I'm not in politics. It takes a tough, tough life to take it. I've always said that you have to have the back of a rhinoceros to go in for the type of work that I have done. But believe you me it is nothing compared to what you'd have to have if you go in for politics. I feel that there are a lot of sleep and dream about it.



I WATCH POLITICAL CONVENTIONS, AND THEY MAKE ME GLAD I'M NOT IN POLITICS

politicians that they don't deserve.

McGibben: Back to the minority and our role as a representative of the Queen in the same. Do you see the monarch as a counterbalancing force to the American influence in our life?

McGibben: I certainly do. When I visit schools—and I do a lot of speaking to organizations, people and social groups, etc.—I've made 200 speeches in the past 20 months. I love to do questions and answers. And always I say I'll stand up and say to me "What do you think about our form of government?" I ask him if he would like a President next to him have in the United States. Well, if they think that

out through, they say so, because the President of the United States not only is the ruler but he is also the leader of a political party, and as such he is looked upon with a mixed eye by the people of the other party. You don't have that here.

McGibben: You spent much of your life in Toronto in the arts. Why do you, just the arts in general?

McGibben: You see I happen to believe that in years to come it's the arts of a country that remain and the day-to-day things have faded away. I think the reputation of Canada can be established through our arts, our painters, our sculptors, our actors. You look back at England, we're still talking about famous actors and actresses of 100 years ago. I think this is a really important, not only for the future of Canada but also for the people who are here now, particularly the young people. They should grow up knowing that we have people who can do things. They get so much from the country to the south of us, and I think it's terribly important that they know that we have athletes, that we have, say, Abby Hoffman here and Teddi Graham, that we have a Major Moore on a B.H. Hall in a Kate Reid. This is important for our youth.

McGibben: Is that all part of defining this elusive Canadian identity?

McGibben: Yes, I think it is. I was invited to a grade six class recently, and the teacher of that class said that she had been extremely surprised to find out that all her students knew all about President Ford, knew all about American athletes, but they didn't know anything about even the city of Toronto.

McGibben: If you'll pardon me for asking it, you're a kind of reverse happiness to me. I wonder if that's evidence that you're really quite pleased with your life and your accomplishments.

McGibben: Well, I'm pleased with my life. I just think I am so lucky to have this position, honestly I do. I meet so many wonderful people and visit so many marvelous communities. I just enjoy it all.

McGibben: You're doing a year overseas. Tell me about your travels.

McGibben: Well, it's funny. Years and years ago when I was growing up, I used to get my hair washed by a Miss Harris in Seneca. Mother used to wash my hair and I loved my head off, so that ended that. She said, I wouldn't pull off Mrs. Harris' hair. She did the mothers' hair, too. Well, I had long hair from about the age of nine. I had long hair at university. My last part in university, I did my hair that way for a dozen, and every boy that I dated with told me how much he liked it. They told me it made me look like an old-old school teacher. So that ended that. I went back in a look at the back of my head. However, after I was married I occasionally wore it that way and I loved it. And for the life I find it's perfect. I don't have to worry about making appointments to have my hair done. You know I do my hair myself and that's the answer.

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Letters

It seemed like a good idea at the time, and it was

We are now in our sixth year of marriage and ready for a retirement home. I came across the article we read in a 1994 issue of *Maclean's* that has been responsible for our very successful life.

We had been living in Kipsanising, Ontario, when we read *Why Live In A City?* (February 1, 1994) and within eight weeks it was 66 below. At once we decided we were going to live in wonderful British Columbia. We had four children at the time

and now on the mountains but not have to fight it most months of the year. We sold the car for \$400 cash and with the money we bought a cow and 100 chickens, so we were assured of food, and through there wasn't much work for a while we managed.

Our children grew and were educated. They now all have fine jobs and homes and we have *Maclean's* to thank for our wonderful life. Thank you from all of us—four children, 10 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

MR. & MRS. A. FARMER, VICTORIA



WHY LIVE IN A CITY?



and so many as we moved to a log cabin on the river from Kipsanising where we grew our own garden, cut wood for the winter, etc., and saved all our money. The following spring we went to Toronto and bought a used Chevrolet for \$450, a tent and camping supplies, and we started out. As we had our first week, our first we know, we were told to advise the Department of Social Services that we were determined to make our home where we could

live now on the mountains but not have to

fight it most months of the year. We sold the car for \$400 cash and with the money we bought a cow and 100 chickens, so we were assured of food, and through there wasn't much work for a while we managed. Our children grew and were educated. They now all have fine jobs and homes and we have *Maclean's* to thank for our wonderful life. Thank you from all of us—four children, 10 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

These of the four "casualties" mentioned from the text, those are mentioned. While I am quite willing to stand behind my own words, I do not particularly like to see them passed about to you whenever may be *Maclean's* purpose. It does not seem that the accurate copy of four quotations should be such a killer for a reviewer as a national magazine.

I am also mildly concerned by what obviously might call "the paragraphs of letters" at the end of the second last paragraph of the review. However, since we are living such

a tough time earning and copying, there is no need to be "casualties" about it.

ALLAN MACLEOD, INTERVIEW NO.

Who speaks for the ones? Mr. Bishel!

In *The Passage Of Time* (March 1) an Un-quarterly quotes Gordon Ritchie (re-Dan) as saying "Maclean's" writes about Toronto, about Blair and Justin Trudeau, and about the Midwest. This is an interesting to most serious Canadians as it is uninteresting to Quebecers. Many of its articles seem quite racist. Sometimes I think the magazine should be sold under the counter as other pornographic and racist magazines are. What is the of a closed mind does Ritchie have? He seems to be quite Victorian. How does he know what serious Canadians like to read about? If they weren't interested in the rest of Canada (think you Stephen Leacock for your article on Vancouver) they ought to get back to local newspapers. There is nothing more important, in my mind, than for Canadians in this vast country to get to know each other and to meet through the articles written by Canadian journalists.

MR. & MRS. A. FARMER, VICTORIA

When Joe said, "I'll call you, he meant it."

In *Myopia Is Just A Gay Nerd's Lie* (March 1) Allan Fotheringham suggested that Clark's "Deli's phone" was "a phone you," regarding an interview with him. In fact Clark's office phoned and I had an interview with him at some length on the Monday afternoon after his election. I am always free to the very person. ANYONE WHO WANTS TO INTERVIEW. KINGSTON JOURNAL

Not under the Ottawa influence

I consider *How Big Is Our Problem For Us* (March 1) by Allan Fotheringham to be an unfortunate example of the increasingly prevalent use of anecdotes—dramatizing both individuals and corporations. I feel this kind of journalism reflects unfavorably on *Maclean's*.

I am particularly concerned by the influence of the personality paragraph that the presence of Louis Rabinovitch and a Division Director on Shell Canada's board of directors is related to corporate influence on Ottawa. Rabinovitch and Dunning were chosen as such by Canada's board because of the contribution they could make to the corporate decision process from the vantage point of their broad experience as Canadian economic and cultural affairs. As an issue here rather of the two been asked by their board colleagues, see how

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they volunteered to provide, any lesson with implications or precedent affords indication of Bushchuk's and Bushchuk's names in a paragraph dealing with "a reference to Ottawa" does a real injustice to these two distinguished Canadians.

Without intending to dilute my original point, I must also point out that the law requiring that political documents in excess of \$100 must be disclosed had no bearing whatsoever on Shell's decision (taken about mid 1974) to increase risk-taking decisions on Alaskan oil. I do not have a "holotype" in Ottawa. Thirdly, one of the series of privately circulated articles that are reprinted in the last paragraph and in particu-

lar the reference to the inquiry under the Combustion Investigation Act is obviously suggest inferential premises of substance of an "ad libitum" and "ad hoc," can only be described as naive.

C. WILLIAM DAVIES, PRESIDENT
SHELL CANADA LIMITED

There's less in this than meets the eye

As a professional involved in the peaceful application of space technology, I recently disagree with the dark and deeper tone of the short article, *Keeping the "Zer" On The Edge* (February 21).

The article alludes to a "secret" meeting of Canada-U.S. scientists to share data col-

lected from U.S. satellites. Throughout the article, including the well-known "zero-the-day" cliché, a veil of heavy statements and associations suggests that spying is indeed taking place and that controversial satellite is to be held at the expense of an unsuspecting plain sporting country.

Let us have a little light and fresh air, please? The said satellites actually belong to MANIT-LANDSAT (HIT) and the data they collect are widely available. Canada for one operates a modest station for Canadian data in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and thousands of images of Canada have been sold to those responsible or you interested in our renewable resources and environment. The Canada Centre for Remote Sensing (a branch of the federal government) maintains a mailing list of 3,500 people in this country and abroad. They receive a free quarterly newsletter describing the Canadian national program, including the provinces, universities, industry, interested individuals, etc. Hardly a secretive environment. World data are also available to all from U.S. government satellites. There is little doubt that major wheat producing and importing countries are regularly obtaining these images.

The meeting referred to in the article was certainly not secret. The project in question is the Spring Wheat Project. Its purpose is to find out if crop estimates can indeed be made using a mix of satellite imagery, airborne sensors and ground observations. As the same participants in the project include Canada and the United States, and should ascertain from other countries such as just the project on its open and reciprocal basis their proposal would certainly be considered with a fair of interest.

J. C. HENSON, P. ENG
CANADA CENTRE FOR REMOTE SENSING
OTTAWA

But at least they're both in the Big Ten

To start, as Walter Stewart does in *The Town That Fear Overtook* (March 9), the Michigan State University is in Ann Arbor, is not competing both teams at University of Michigan, which is in Ann Arbor, and shares if Michigan State University, which is in East Lansing. The two schools are traditional rivals and do not care to be confused. Which one did Gerald Ford attend?

WENDY GUNDEL, TORONTO
President Ford attended the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

The 'Fear of Dying' is a legitimate one

Although it is a long time since *Fear Of Dying* (August) was published, it is in place to record the concerns about this article of the Canadian Cancer Society and the National Institute of Cancer.

A major portion of *Fear Of Dying* was devoted to the theme, does smoking really cause cancer? The author, Dr. William J. G. Jones, M.D., revived arguments that were current 20 years ago when the relationship

Like to guess how much profit Imperial Oil earns on each gallon of petroleum products it makes and markets?

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Having made an Alpha Gamma who up the danger is, 1975 received with interest... and ending the 1975 10th 10th 10th 10th



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between smoking and lung cancer was still controversial. But the only controversy that still persists is the one posed by the tobacco industry and perhaps by unaffiliated persons such as "Gifford-Jones" which, I understand, is the name of place of a general practitioner with no special background that would qualify him as an expert.

Since lung cancer accounts for 16% of all cancer deaths in Canada and since it is one of the few truly preventable cancers, an article such as this can only be helpful to the efforts of those who are concerned with cancer control. It's unfortunate that the opinion of a person as poorly informed as "Gifford-Jones" should receive such prominence.

B. M. TAYLOR, MD, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
NATIONAL CANCER INSTITUTE OF CANADA,
TORONTO

Gates — in the eye of a mother beholder
As a Canadian who has lived in the United States and Latin America for the past several years, I was delighted with the prospect of an alternative news source to the glitzy newsworlds available here in the States. That delight was considerably cooled by Robert Lower's treatment of the Trudeau visit to Cuba in *The Cuban Connection* (February 8).

As Oakes bursts forth he must consciously release the responsibilities involved when reporting a story of such momentous importance for Canadian and world readers. He must be aware of the disturbing observations about the original approach to Latin American social and political problems that the *Cuena* magazine has forged. Lewis gives us some shreds of the "contending signs of herd mentality" the *Cuena* saw. If he had identified himself as Latin American history, he would have discovered that Cuba's "truly astonishing bourgeoisie" is an immense, almost invisible, force in Latin America. He would have discovered that Venezuela has been "reformed." Lewis does Cuba the injustice of forgetting her and a half-century of improvement for the working class. It was to remind Lewis that a year's study of Cuba would have been a good idea. He writes but to find it in a manual of all the things.

—FRANKLIN CROWHART, HOUSTON, TEXAS

The lead in here are) been (before yet)
On *Islander* *Breakers In Profit And Loss*
Amish The National Dream (February 9)
I felt that the illustrations chosen for this untapped "demise" of passenger trains on Canadian railways were so out-dated as to suggest a forgotten era—especially that insight of a steam train going down a coast in Skagway, Alaska (off all plans).
Actually we Westerners are going to fight for daily train service through both our national parks in the Rockies as many of the younger and older people want to travel on the surface of Canada to see it.

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Publish and be damned: the media as the message nobody wants to receive

Column by Robert Miller

Quite apart from its political and legal implications, the so-called "pudge" after his recent assault demonstrated the importance of an independent press in a free society. Had it not been for newspapers, particularly the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, which first published details of federal ministers' involvement in sexual matters, the integrity of the judiciary, the state would well be in doubt as the ministers and looked-on-compassionately at the impact directly on voters. The mass media's importance is evident. The mass media's importance is evident. The mass media's importance is evident.

be irresponsible. With the press's broad shoulders, in fact, it seems to resist the disapproval of politicians. But there ought to be concern in the boardrooms of the nation's newspapers and broadcast outlets about a different form of disapproval.

A little more than a year ago, Grant Maxwell set out with a tape recorder and a notebook to discover what ordinary Canadians think about their society and its prospects. A journalist married social scientist to the Canadian Catholic Conference. Maxwell visited every province and interviewed 750 individuals in 48 communities about their hopes and fears about what was right and what was wrong in their lives. Their answers, and his interpretation of them, are being assembled in a five-volume report, *Altruists At The Grass Roots*.

which he is preparing for the public. Maxwell says he didn't set out to acquire specifically what people think of the media, but he reports an astounding number of Canadians are concerned about the quality of their newspapers and broadcast outlets or hostile toward them. "Angry and afraid," says Maxwell, "when people were talking about their concerns they would mention the media. The strident seemed to be that since the enormous social power of the media people were asking for greater accountability." He reports he found widespread approval of newspapers' tendency to "press the negative aspects of life," to emphasize social confrontation rather than report examples of cooperation.

Strangely enough, media successes (which he cheerfully admitted) are noticeably scorned. Thus, newspaper of late have translated their efforts to open themselves up to readers, to make more space for reader criticism, to carry more letters, even to appoint (as in the case of the *Toronto Star* and Winnipeg *Free Press*) senior editors as anonymous correspondents, that most of them seem to believe that reader unhappiness is inevitable, and even proof that the press is doing its job. Martin Goodman, editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Star*, once disaffection with the media as part of a more general mistrust of big, established institutions, of which the press was usually a part. "Any derogation by the press of the same," says Goodman, "can bring a ball to its feet by loosening the press. Our government, our universities, our labour, our churches and our courts and our police, all are under attack by the press. It is not as if the press is not doing its job. It is not as if the press is not doing its job. It is not as if the press is not doing its job."



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Change

ENGAGED: Sweden's King Carl XVI Gustaf, 28, to **Silke Sommerlath**, 22, a commoner he met during the 1973 Olympics in Munich where she was the chief busser. It will be the first time in almost 200 years that a reigning Swedish monarch has married. King Carl succeeded the throne in September 1973 after the death of his grandfather Gustaf VI Adolf at the age of 92.

ENGAGED: Singer **Netelle Cole** to **Kevin Hancock** of Brook-2-Six. At this year's Country Awards, Cole, daughter of the late Nat "King" Cole, was voted the best new artist of 1973 and has the best female rhythm and blues vocalist for her album *This Will Be*. Mike plays piano for her backup group. The couple will be married on August 1.

MARRIED: **Ed McMahon**, Johnny Carson's associate and drought man, to **Valerie Valenman**. McMahon, 53, and Valenman, 29, were wed at a small ceremony in San Francisco (Carson wasn't even there) and then McMahon rushed back to Los Angeles to do the show. It was his second marriage—his first produced four children—and his first.

DEAD: **Alex W. Matheson**, 72, Liberal premier of Prince Edward Island from 1953 to 1959. Matheson was first elected to the legislature in a 1940 by-election and lost the next three years later in the provincial election. He served as clerk of the legislature until he was re-elected in 1949. Six years later, Premier Walter Aeneas was appointed to the Senate and Matheson was chosen to replace him. Under Matheson the Liberals won the 1955 election and held power four more years until they were defeated by the Conservatives in 1959. Matheson remained a party leader in 1960 and was succeeded by the premier, Alex Campbell. He returned to private law practice the next year and was sworn in as a county court judge in 1967, a post he held until he retired in 1974.

DEAD: Former light heavyweight champion of the world **Max "Baptiste Maule" Baumbach**, 71. Baumbach, employing an open-handed style (like the mick-mick) which was later banned from professional boxing, won the title in 1932. At 6'2" he was one of the tallest fighters in the



Photo: Ken Scharf/Chase Photos and Lee Scharf



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Thurles, he eventually found himself in Hollywood. Carole Lombard, whom he taught to box for fights with her husband, Clark Gable, got him a big part in one of her films, *Nothing Sacred*, and he was signed to a contract. Rinehoben went on to do New York-Chicago picture a number of films, and eventually to star in a series of two-reel comedies with another light actor, Max Baer, an heavyweight champion of the world. His last stage performance was in 1965, as Big John in the road production of *Guy and Doty*.

DEAD: Choreographer Busby Berkeley. 80 Berkeley produced some of Hollywood's most imaginative and extravagant musicals (He led the Gold Diggers Of 1933 Berkeley led 100 women sitting at 100 pianos playing for 30 men dancing in circles.) He started in show business as a dancer in New York and began making movies in the early 1930s. Some of his most memorable films are *42nd Street*, *Ziegfeld Girl*, *Broadway Melody* and *For Me And My Girl*. In recent years, Berkeley's popularity enjoyed a revival, first with the re-release of some of his films, then with the inclusion of some of his more memorable scene sequences in *That's Entertainment*.

DEAD: The Baroness Pauline de Rothschild. Second wife of Baron Philippe de Rothschild (his first husband was a Nazi concentration camp). The baroness, 67, suffered a heart attack, possibly brought on by a combination of poor heart diet and a bout of arthritis, in Santa Barbara, California. Baron de Rothschild had moved to France from infancy to the age of 16, the former Pauline Eugénie Potier was, at one stage during World War II, a prominent fashion designer and one of the highest-salaried women in the United States. After the war she returned to France, and in 1944 married Rothschild (of the English branch of the family) owner of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, one of the great wineries of the world.

DEAD: Wright Patman. 82, the dean of the U.S. House of Representatives and one of the great bellmen in American politics since first elected to the House in 1938. The Texas Democrat, a populist and left-liberal all the way, was best known to Americans for his uncanny and only occasionally successful attacks on the banking establishment; but Canadians and others probably best remember him for his attempts in 1972 to get his House Banking Committee to investigate links between Nixon campaign contributions and the Watergate burglary. He was shot down, thanks to White House pressure, poisoning Ralph Nader to write "As an alien in his career, Patman was right too soon."

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Preview

After an extended run in Frisco, Patty's Follies goes to LA

As the Patty Hearst Show goes into reruns and in one Hollywood fashion, wildly over budget, watch for some episodes with a political theme. The 22-year-old heroine, coaxed of street hunk robbery and dating at least 11 more changes, has become straight up in Los Angeles politics. LA County District Attorney John Van de Kamp, himself a member of a political-

laura (pret), a new "hard force" led by former Liberal Jerome Choquette. With the new audaciously young nowhere fan, Choquette may decide to tack the US leadership, too. Other possible overtures for Bellemore's job: Sherbrooke Mayor Jacques O'Brien, federal Independent MP Roch LaSalle and Quebec Pénit Commission chairman Jean Dutil.

also intends to ride on the Canadian Ode, an event he has yet to lose in live outings.

Gays and... with... Dads

Another endorsement comes for Fox City. The Loner Bobs and a new photo-essay from New York's new square, Times Square, used to be the heart of north Broadway drinkers in Dorian Karyon.



Hawley: another opening, another show

lookout. Sandy will produce Patty in LA—and her real study proceeds Van de Kamp's bid for reelection against Vincent Bagdasarian, who presented the Clinton-McCain family of politics. Sandy's lawyer P. Lee Bailey, who failed her in San Francisco. "If the voters want blood it goes Patty's will be provided." About that budget and one of the Hearst syndicated episodes, police arrest, police, "about the major, phallic theory in a more and more who does less to reach \$30 million. The poor little rich girl is an industry.

In the footsteps of Le Chef

Coming up this spring in Quebec, for another music for the married music of the late Maurice Dupont. The once mighty Union Nationale party, benefit of everything but cash (it still has roughly \$750,000 in the bank) will convene to choose a new leader to replace Maurice Bellemore. 60, the former town breaker who is now the only sole elected member. Trouble is, there's not much party to lead. There are now three groups competing for the conservative Quebec vote—the old, the Chrétien and the Parti National Popu-

I see Dick write again

Lawyer-soldier-thinker Richard Robson, who ditches off his soldiers recently as most people dash off a postcard, thinks he has another winner in Separation, this year's sequel to Endless UK. The new novel deals with Quebec's invasion and war time again. Robson's fictional genre master who bears a striking resemblance to Pierre Trudeau. Brigadier General Robson, who serves as Senior Air Reserve. Adviser to the chief of Canada's defense staff, says he enjoys writing books—when they're inspired. "For 1971, he promises a novel with international appeal.

A handy little guy like Sandy

The Beatles are barely out of the singles trees, but already the boroughs are ramping through Kentucky's liturgy in anticipation of Derby Day, May 1. And with any luck, Canada's Sandy Hawley, looking jockey (even such riders as Luffi Fanny II and Willie Stewart) at the Santa Anita's winter meet, will have a mount—Telly's Pop, owned by sister Telly Sorbus. Derby or no, Hawley plans to return to Toronto's Woodbine to ride during the Royal Week of Racing (June 19-26), and will probably be around the early favorite Nashville in the Queen's Plate. Hawley



Hawley's boy



Dempsey (above), Furman and Winslow (below) it's not like that when a man went to the bar, he went for a beer



Jack Dempsey and Walter Winslow who were attracted by the venerable establishment's Chicago pool and the successful scene. Now the Loner is on the verge of becoming America's biggest brand. The city is powerless to do anything because of tangled jurisdiction and prosecution problems (police refuse to un-dress, while the men from the refuse to do anything, which means no bars can be opened broken). Entrepreneurs have spent \$300,000 on Loner-area renovations, plan to install 100 women in "musicians" and look forward to a six-million-dollar annual gross. Very gross.

Ottawa giveth, Ottawa taketh away

The principle of doing being the nation's wealth is as old as Confederation and has long been accepted as a responsibility of the federal government. Through a variety of grants and subsidies, states and municipalities have relied on the rich and given to the poor. At the government level, the principle has been demonstrated in the form of "equalization grants," a sort of intergovernmental welfare system by which Ottawa pays out cash to the "have-not" provinces. The income paid out in equalization grants has been growing steadily—an annual average increase of 15% in the past five years—and the federal government will spend a total of \$1.145 billion this year, about 3% of the total federal budget.

But the Fiscal Arrangements Act, the legal authority for the equalization grants, is up for its quinquennial review this year and Ottawa is taking steps to change the act to slow down the rate of increase in the grants. Finance Minister Donald Macdonald was to give a rough outline of his approach at a federal-provincial finance ministers' meeting early this month in Ottawa, the first in a series of meetings to discuss the problem. "We want a system that provides a rate of growth that is more reasonable" and one federal finance official said the week before the meeting. It is part of a general belt-tightening program that has already seen Ottawa delay a cutting on its share of provincial costs, impose cuts on unemployment insurance payments, and slow down the growth in grants from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE). The provinces, particularly the haves, are warning to limit the pinch. The have-nots can be expected to oppose any move to hold down equalization grants.

The grants are now based on a highly complex formula involving 22 different "revenue sources," ranging from personal income taxes to mineral rights to liquor sales. If the source of revenue is a province that below the national average, Ottawa compensates the provincial government to make up the difference. The theory is that each province will then have

access to roughly equal amounts of revenue per capita to provide public services such as health and education. The federal government wants to develop a more simple formula such as tying the proportionality to per capita income and a province without tampering with the general principle. But if a simpler formula had been used in the past five years, the rate of increase in the grants would have been much lower and the have-not provinces may not see the time to hold down equalization payments.

Quebec, for example, is living a \$800-million Olympic games deficit. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau has already rejected additional federal aid to Quebec to help the province pay the bill, but Quebec

other \$55 billion by 1993. The reason for the enormous increase is that the Atlantic provinces are almost totally dependent on oil-generated power, and the price of oil keeps going up, with another increase slated for this summer. Provinces like Newfoundland, provincial advertising to heat their homes electrically have seen their power bills shoot up from \$30 a month to \$150 or more. Some have been forced to tell their homes. Others have turned down their thermostats to a chilly 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and there has been a run on supplies of heavy sweaters. The Atlantic provinces have appealed to Ottawa for special assistance but with no success. If Ottawa also presses ahead with plans to hold down the increase in equalization payments, which make up about one quarter of their annual budgets, they will have to raise their taxes and power can still higher—or cut back sharply on government services.

New Scotia Finance Minister Faur Nicholson said before the federal-provincial meeting in Ottawa that he would make one last effort to extract more federal aid. He told Nova Scotians he being out "in the coming days of change in the federal and provincial aid." Some federal officials agree with him. Says one DREE official: "If Ottawa doesn't fulfill its obligation to alleviate the effects of this carry-over problem it will be punishing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick." Nicholson reduced federal Prime Minister Mulroney a substantial "agrarian society."

But the federal government can probably count on the implicit, if not stated, support of the three have-not provinces for its opposition to special assistance and its proposals to hold down equalization grants. Alberta Treasurer Merv Leach says his province's main concern is to ensure equalization payments do not drop at a rate of the rest of the provinces. All the federal government has already moved in this direction by decreasing two thirds of the new royalties Alberta and Saskatchewan are receiving as a result of high oil prices will not be counted in the equalization pool. The move was brought on by figures that showed even Ontario would be receiving equalization grants under the old formula as Confederation if approached the world price.

Ontario plans to push for an indication of the equalization formula along the lines being suggested by Ottawa, with the resulting slower rate of increase in the grants. Says Ontario Treasurer Duff McKeough

Life is sour, life is sweet: a tale of two families



The Bessons of Bessie, NB. Last summer, 33-year-old Hughie Bessie lived his own home. Like hundreds of other Nova Scotians, he used his wife Beverly, 29, as a well-built cooperative, got a 10% subsidized mortgage from the Nova Scotia Housing Corporation, took a credit course at home building from the company's staff and set up his home. He worked 36 hours a day, driving a big tractor driver for which he paid \$4.50 an hour (about \$12,000 a year), and the right man working on the house, located in the Halifax suburb of Sackville, he didn't complain. "I always had this dream of a home of my own, something for my wife and family, and this was the only way we could afford it." With four young children, he was married 18. But the dream was suddenly turned sour. They made the final error of having the house electrically heated, and with Nova Scotia power rates rising they now have a home they use a lot of to live in. They have little furniture, no refrigerator, a nine-year-old car and some well-worn clothes. Their only heating last year was a day at Victoria Park in Truro from Hughie's \$165 weekly rate. Being paid the Bessons have to spend \$10 on groceries, \$13 running their car, \$40 on mortgage payments, \$20 to \$30 on other essentials and now almost \$40 for power. "It's heart-breaking," says Hughie. "I don't think we can afford to go on living in Nova Scotia. But we don't intend to leave without a fight." The Bessons have joined a Sackville residents' committee called United for Light, which is battling the provincially owned power corporation to lower the rate increases. If they lose the battle, the Bessons may have to give up their dream home and move some place where the living is easier. Some place other than Atlantic or Ontario, they are too weary in the "blue-eyed Atlantic," as they call the oil-rich Atlantic and the meddling federal government in Ottawa. Says Hughie, "They're all part of the rip-off."



The get-it-on-the Stages of Calgary, Alta. When times are tight, the Stages are often among the first to feel it. But 31-year-old Adele Stages, who came to Canada 15 years ago from England, says business has been booming and her income along with it. Last year, she took home about \$15,000 from a gross income of \$16,500, a 9% increase over just two years ago. Stages and her wife, Jacques, 28, have a married two-bedroom home, two elderly but profitable vehicles and a \$1,200 boat loan, but with their two young sons, one, and from here they look for nothing and don't pinch pennies. Last year they bought a stylish furnished a comfortable \$45,000 house in a tree-shaded older neighborhood in the foot of Calgary's North Hill. The best part of Stages' salary—about \$5,500—is contained in the mortgage payments (\$1,475), utilities, and food (\$250), and loan payments (\$140). Another \$1,400 a month on insurance, \$300 a year, a negotiated automobile savings plan (\$600), clothing (\$300), Christmas presents (\$200), gasoline (\$1,000), Medicare, including dentistry (\$150), and recreation (\$600). Most, needless to say, goes right off to the mortgage in their coupe for \$1,400, \$1,400, \$1,400, \$1,400, \$1,400. At home, a side of beef is stored in the freezer. Says Stages freely, "There's no way I'm going to eat Kraft Dinner." Twice a week on the way home from the host's house, the family picks up hamburger or goes out for spaghetti. Adele and Jacques don't eat much (Adele eats a salad, which she describes as \$50 bill). Adele's work part-time in an art gallery, not for the money but to get out of the house. If they wanted to give up two-week vacation, three-day weekends and frequent dining out, they could move to a more expensive house in the suburbs, but the Stages prefer the good but simple life, and they spend more than they make it's sinking to worry about in the midst of Alberta's booming economy.

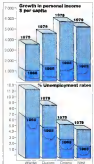
"All the money we get into equalization and other aid we still have worse regional disparities than when we started. Something is clearly wrong somewhere."

According to the published statistics, McKeough is wrong. The have-not provinces have been slowly but steadily narrowing the gap between themselves and the haves. By 1993, the seven have not

had an average per capita income of \$4,132, or 88.1% of the national average of \$4,686. That is the closest the seven have come to the national average on a historical record, which goes back to 1926. But there are still wide disparities. Newfoundland, for example, had an unemployment rate of 15.4% in February, the highest in the country and more than three

times Alberta's rate of 4.3%. The public services offered by the provinces also vary widely despite the equalization grants. In 1975, Newfoundland spent a national average of \$483 on the education of each student in elementary and secondary schools. But the expenditures ranged all the way from \$534 per student in New Brunswick to \$1,009 in Quebec.

Disparate lives



Finance Minister Raymond Gaudin says Ottawa is duty-bound to help "for the sake of Canadian unity."

But the Atlantic provinces are facing a more urgent and long-term problem with no easy solution in sight: rising power costs. Their households saw a 78% increase in power costs on the cost index in the past 12 months alone and analysts predict in-

*Personalized data will show \$20 million in equalization grants this year. Prime Minister Donald Macdonald says the federal government will spend \$1.145 billion this year, about 3% of the total federal budget. The income paid out in equalization grants has been growing steadily—an annual average increase of 15% in the past five years—and the federal government will spend a total of \$1.145 billion this year, about 3% of the total federal budget.

It was such a deposit as these, or worse, that prompted Mackenzie King to appoint a Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations during the post-war depression. The commission reported in 1940 and recommended, among other things, that the federal government take over responsibility for unemployment insurance and began paying equalization grants to the poorer provinces. The recommendations were vehemently opposed, however, by those stoutest of Premiers: Maurice Dupré of Quebec, Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario, and William Abernethy of Alberta. Hepburn called the commission's report "a blueprint for the destruction of Confederation." But the federal government extended the recommendations anyway in piecemeal fashion, starting with the introduction of equalization grants in 1957.

There will be no Hepburns in this year's debate over equalization payments, which will continue until federal legislation is introduced as at the end of the year. All the previous ones agree the grants are a good thing, and much of the debate will take place in private between officials. But the stakes are even higher now than in 1940 and the opposition put in charge is Roy Smith's New Democrats. "A more equalized distribution of national resources must be made if the country isn't to split into two halves, one containing the very rich, the other, the very poor," says organizer

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em
Every March, Canada's top labor leaders (except the Progressive Conservatives) head off to the weekend halfway across the country to the Confederation Building on the Canadian Labor Congress "trip" in St. John's, Nfld., to discuss the labor movement's strategy for the coming year. It's almost invariably a full afternoon session for organized labor and the government to meet on the benefits of the media. All the clubs they have back up over the previous 12 months. But the labor of March was different this year. As C.I.C. president Joe Morris and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau faced each other in the national church, Trudeau threatened to cut, among other things, the federal government's wage-and-price controls. Instead of dealing with the usual range of issues that year's 1,000-word statement from the C.I.C. concentrated almost completely on the national program. Only one part of the debate was it: there has been, they

argued, given the fact's notable break-off. A day later in a three-hour session, the 30-member executive council of the congress announced that labor was withdrawing its representation from two high-profile federal advisory councils: the Economic Council of Canada and the Canada Labor Relations Council. Until now both have included representatives of labor, business and government. The move marked a new line in a continuing decline of relations between the congress and the government, which had begun with the failure of former finance minister John



Mackenzie King won't allow, don't ask him

Turner's efforts to achieve voluntary controls last May. It was a political centerpiece of the C.I.C.'s campaign of opposition to the program, although Morris left open the possibility of future talks with the government on economic issues.

Until now there have been few signs of tough action against the congressional program. Labor has made clear its objections through public declarations, leaf letters and telegrams to senior officials. But there has been no threat of strikes or work slowdowns to the C.I.C. directed against the controls. What provoked the C.I.C. into finally stepping out of the two councils were arguments by cabinet ministers, including Trudeau at Monday's session, that by rejecting the new Council's last report, the labor representatives on the group were an

obstacle to wage-and-price controls. "If that had been increased at the meeting we might have taken a different view of the council," said Morris. "It was our order standing we were against a statement of the council director's opinions that we signed it on the basis that we agreed with the general thrust of the document."

John Morris, who often points to the Canada Labor Relations Council as a major accomplishment of his 37 years as labor minister, called the C.I.C. move "intelligent, childlike and lacking in maturity." The council is primarily concerned with long-term issues such as a universally accepted duty agency for use in no position and the functioning of the work place which have nothing to do with the anti-inflation program, he said.

Withdrawal from the two councils may be the forerunner of more militant action by the C.I.C. in past labor's campaign against the controls. During the executive council's brainstorming sessions two suggestions on the table was for a nationwide general strike. But even supporters of the idea say a one-day strike would be a mere token undertaking that would be difficult to coordinate. And it would be an embarrassment to the C.I.C.'s failed negotiations.

MONTREAL

And under the B... blasted!

Blasted? In the definition place itself, the gentle game of chance is the devil, the French the double entendre of Quebec's Catholic church over time. In 1974 alone, it musted almost \$2.5 million dollar for charities on the Montreal Archdiocese. Some of Montreal's 256 families have been blessed with the money. The labor representatives on the group were an

La Binger wondering who God and Caesar



BINGO
TOWN, ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK

once been saved from outright bankruptcy when bingo was made legal in some areas and the game is as big now there are often as many as 25 church-blessed bingo halls on any given night in the city. But in Quebec, the Catholic Church has argued from the beginning that bingo has no place in the House of God. But, they thought would be too much to ask. That day has come. Last month in Montreal, municipal squad police officers raided bingo operations in churches and elsewhere and changed the game with changing the city on an arrangement to pay taxes. For every three-dollar admission ticket sold, the city is supposed to get 25 cents plus 10% on all other fees. But the parish allegedly owed the city \$46,000 in back taxes and another \$30,000. Bingo bosses accused of cooking their books will soon appear in court, said a Montreal detective.

Three of the accused will be priests though there is no evidence the cash went into their own pockets. "You mustn't get their ideas," says Judge Corneil Proulx, president of Quebec's *Régie des Loyers* in Quebec, which licenses all bingo. "The money went to their churches." Apologists for the church not only deny the nature of the charges but also the church was exempt from bingo taxes until 1974. Now, and a city tax collector, who hinted darkly that "more changes are on the way."

ONTARIO

Where does it hurt? All over!

Last January when Ontario Liberals were searching for a leader to replace Robert Mulroney, they wanted a man with "right" hair. They wanted the man who had been playing the piano in the choir of the Trinity-Trinity church in the city of 1967. Thirty-seven-year-old Mulroney played



Mulroney and Smith here's a talented rockin', but a member for the Liberal cause ball

classical. Stuart Smith was named to the bell. Tall, lean, and cool, Smith approached the piano and looked good on television. He broke down and performed an even more fun the song "the new Trudy." But when the new session of the Ontario legislature began last month, it was Smith's inexperience rather than his style that showed through. His opening speech was rambling and often drowned out by his own henchmen. He broke through by being part of news when he should have been listening to Premier William Davis' reply. (A Windsor photographer caught him playing piano at the time Davis was speaking.) But worst of all, for three hours he brought Davis to perfectly focus on an election before looking down when a

became apparent the public, and his own caucus, weren't prepared for it. "There's a low point in my career," said Smith. "I know I have been successful."

The election score was the result of a public wonder by Smith, an MP for only six months. When New Democratic Party Opposition Leader Stephen Leveson made the traditional amendment to the Throne Speech (a motion to amend the constitution), Smith followed with a very similar amendment, believing that the NDP didn't want an election and would not support a. But Leveson was prepared to accept it, and Smith was prepared to accept it. Smith followed with a very similar amendment, believing that the NDP didn't want an election and would not support a. But Leveson was prepared to accept it, and Smith was prepared to accept it. Smith followed with a very similar amendment, believing that the NDP didn't want an election and would not support a. But Leveson was prepared to accept it, and Smith was prepared to accept it.

Let's just say that Bond would have yawned

The Canadian government's penchant for classifying everything may be used in court this year if Alexander Fraser tries to sue his way out of the Official Secrets Act. The first time began on March 23, 1974, when the score ruled his house in the Montreal suburb of Beaconsfield and named what they said was about 300 pounds of "confidential" and "secret" documents. The trial came seven months after Fraser had quit Northern Electric, where an employer he had handled a war assignment, in firm Canadian Council on L&P, with headquarters in his home.

The Montreal, with help from domestic and foreign experts, served as the first evidence for two years, then took to court last month and charged him with having classified documents in his possession and with failure to safeguard them. "They were lying all over the place," says Fraser's prosecutor, Claude Bélanger. "A man as smart as my client, naturally, would find a preliminary hearing of the

charge. A conviction carries a maximum sentence of 14 years. That describes the charges as sedition. He says the secret documents were available commercially but he was not allowed to see them. "I could not get some of my defense, if it ever comes to trial," he said. Government charges under the Official Secrets Act relate to espionage, but all add up to espionage was involved in the case.

Fraser was awarded in L&P in Paris from 1964 to 1966, then spent a year in London. He was Northern Electric's project manager for NATO in 1971. Bélanger said he was working on a government contract for Northern Electric where his documents were seized. Three years he worked on a government contract and was charged with having anything to do with sensitive contracts for NATO. His consulting firm specialized in communications engineering such as air traffic control systems, he says. "I am as smart as my client, naturally, would find a preliminary hearing of the

After the case had settled, a court-banned Smith reflected on the loss of credibility and on the problem of finding a political party. "The documents were made as secret as my gun," he said. "I feel I am being used." Smith has been charged almost continuously since early last year (first for his legislative act, then for the party leadership) and arrived at the court for the session. He now has to take his bid away from his family and be up. "I think it is the worst day in my life and life," he said. "What I am doing in this hotel room when I should be with my children?" None of this gets him much sympathy, however, from his political opponents, who have gone through the same "preliminary hearing" process. "I was not fired," Leveson said. And Davis con-

Nigel Turner resigned in his Toronto office, "just minding my own business."

On the basis of early returns, however, it is going very well for the former finance minister in his new job as a senior partner of McMillan, Bennett, the establishment law firm he joined in February after resigning his seat in the House of Commons. He has already claimed three important directorships, including Canadian Pacific Limited, to go with his renewed role as a director. He has also delivered his first major speech since resigning from parliament, praising colleagues of free publicity for his firm in the process. Just by being John Turner, he is also keeping his future political options open. He scrupulously avoids public talk about why he quit the Trudeau cabinet. But old political associates believe their man, as a kind of board chairman of a government, is likely only some day return to us for the Liberal leadership if Prime Trudeau signs down in time. Turner has been unapologetically critical in private circles about Trudeau and his government. In his speech last month, while evoking personal friends, Turner indirectly criticized several Trudeau policies, most notably the Prime Minister's decision not to impose a freeze before announcing his program of price and wage controls.

But all has not been glister for Turner on his return to private practice, as part because of lingering bitterness on both sides surrounding his departure from the government. Some Liberals are grumbling that it didn't take him long to move from cabinet to boardrooms, that perhaps there should be a waiting period before former minister rushes to rejoin the ranks. To which Turner replies, "People give me no trouble because they want my judgment. I go on boards to enhance the business of the law firm."

ROBERT LEWIS

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The survival of the luckiest

Every spring, hundreds of British Columbia fishermen battle fierce weather and rocky shoals to snag the "gold" fish of the sea, the snowed herring harvest. During the two-week season, a highly successful fisherman can make as much as \$15,000 on his herring catch (the fish go to Japan to supply the gourmet market for herring roe). But to do so, his often risky life is overshadowed by boat and gear losses, safety provisions in the fish to get as many fish as possible up and along the short season. "I've seen boats go by with their sterns right around because they're so overboard," says Dr. W. McKeown, a coast guard officer. "Just unbelievable." Some fishermen go out in skiff-like hollow pill centers not designed for the open sea. Others find to show their heavy gear and equipment properly so as to leave more room for their catch, then making their boats top heavy and easily swamped. Ironically they pay the price for their risk-taking: In the season closed as of this year, nine boats



Semerville (above), Richardson (below): If the wilderness people are doing their jobs, how come the free lance is so busy?



and four men had been lost, last year 10 boats sunk and 14 men died.

To a large extent the fishermen are their own danger out of gear. But once at work, they are at the mercy of Canada's pitifully antiquated rescue services. From the time the mariner falls into the sea to a life jacket, he has from 20 minutes to two hours to live. Death due to lowered body temperature (hypothermia) is as great a risk as drowning. The fishermen are lucky if he is rescued at that length of time. There are only 95 federal search and rescue vessels and aircraft on the West Coast and they lack is huge. For example, a Canadian Force 602 squadron in Canada is expected to provide air rescue service to an area extending 600 miles to sea, as well as all of BC, the Yukon and part of the Northwest Territories with only three Labrador helicopters and three Buffalo Fixed Wing aircraft. The aircraft lack basic equipment such as radar, man-to-ship radios and computerized navigational devices to enable them to pinpoint their positions when out of sight of land. If it is cloudy or dark, they can't easily cross the mountainous of Vancouver Island from their base in the army West Coast. On weekends crew members have to be called in from their homes with delays of up to two hours. In the first casualty incident of the season, a U.S. helicopter had to fly from Washington in a night storm to pick up a Canadian fisherman off the rocks. In the meantime,

squadron 602 was grounded because of a lack of aircraft search headlights.

The East Coast is much better off, especially Newfoundland, which has been hit with a series of mishaps this year resulting in six deaths. Since a rescue service centre was closed there in 1964, the closest one is in Halifax. Many of the boats believe some of the deaths could have been avoided with better equipment.

As snow winds, a mariner admits more likely to be rescued by a growing corps of civilian volunteers. Fishermen, tugboat operators and float plane pilots run a rescue unit out of Prince Rupert and the Canadian Coast Guard has 80 volunteer agonists on the West Coast. One of them, 36-year-old optician Robert Semerville of Campbell River, says he can rally 100 volunteers in five minutes. He has spent \$12,000 of his own money for radios and lifesaving equipment and donated his \$40,000 boat for rescue work. His office on mental guard stretch and rescue posts—his house is a communications centre. A giant radio antenna dominates his house. He wants to add more but, "My wife is fed up. She would like some furniture."

Semerville is one of the thousands of volunteers in charge of rescue operations—Bert and Tramp. The sign that of the 16 coast guard vessels: three are either damaged by university students on the harbors and others are questionable, repaired vessels. Even the three coasters—the pride of the Pacific fleet—were never designed for the West Coast where the winds are more than 100 miles per hour and whirlpools 50 feet in diameter. When accorded, he says, a 60-ton coast guard vessel with personnel there virtually at strategic points along the coast, as well as more helicopters. But Defense Minister James Richardson responds that training facilities are adequate. Semerville has gained some results, however. A local sea rescue committee in Tsumang-Melrose-Otha last January and a revised search and rescue policy should be ready for cabinet study by summer.

ROBERT LEWIS



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News to Rocket to Guy

Not to mention Morenz, The Boomer and Big Pete. In the watered-down world of professional hockey, only Les Canadiens have kept the faith

By Robert Miller

You join feeling hands on throats? The neck is loose to hold it high.

History doesn't record whether John McCreese ever the Montreal Canadiens play hockey, he might have. The club was founded in 1908 when McCreese was practicing medicine in Montreal. A hucklebuck who died of pneumonia in France in 1918, McCreese was a native of Guelph, Ontario, whose name still lives forever as the author of *La Plandrie Field*. Whether he saw the Canadiens play or not, he undoubtedly worried up in the two lines above what has become the essence of one of professional sport's great franchises—pride and continuity. First published anonymously in *Puck* magazine during the winter of 1945 (the Canadiens won their first Stanley Cup that year), the lines are strung across a wall in the team's dressing room. Every time the players cluster into their equipment, the words are there, staring down at them. McCreese would probably approve, even though he wrote *La Plandrie Field* for soldiers, for in

a way the Montreal Canadiens are seldom engaged in an unending crusade. Their torch has been passed down the years from Norey Lakota to Howe Morenz to Beukel, Beukel to Jean Beliveau—all great leaders of great hockey teams. Now it seems destined for the capable hands of Guy Lafleur, who, like his predecessors, will have plenty of help in holding it high.

In these restless days of materialism, watered integrity, and watered hockey, the Montreal Canadiens seem oddly undisturbed—proud, aloof and still driven to excellence in a time when as the legendary Rocket puts it, "The league isn't very good any more." Why not no longer the Flying Frenchmen as the American sportsman dubbed them 30 years ago? (It's true, he no longer the majority language in the club dressing room) at least they are still flying. They remain a team for their adoring fans, and a touchstone. Living proof of the values of the past. The Olympics may turn out a fiasco. Mayor Dupont may be an another day. A fiasco may be in

fronts, the draft and pound and even the dollar may be swelling down the drain but, even Dave, the Canadiens are there.

"Let's consider now 67" says the Forum victory refrain, and in the spring of 1976 they are. Or will be, if they can land their way through the maze that is now the Stanley Cup play-offs without being tripped by the Boston Bruins or snared by the Philadelphia Flyers. "We've got the club for it, that's for sure," says team captain Yvon Courcy. "Guy, Phil and Jean are both playing well," says coach Scott Bowman, adding with a smile, "but so are we." (At one point, late in the season, the Flyers, staying a drive for first place in the overall win standing—a crucial advantage, came the play-offs—had gone 22 games without a loss but had not managed to post even a single point on the frost-bitten Canadiens.) Disappointed twice in a row, losing the 1974 quarter-finals to New York Rangers and in the 1975 semifinals to Buffalo Sabres, Bowman vowed that this season he would take a different

approach, abandon the banding freestyle style of hockey that had made the Canadiens the most exciting team in the sport for decades. It was time, he felt, to concentrate on defense. In particular, he wanted to slash the club's 1974-75 goal-scoring total of 223. "We have to face the possibility," Bowman said a year ago, "the idea of defeat still haunts." But the trade would Montreal approach—keeping, rather, making the puck—won't work any more.

The theory was sound enough, the question was whether the team could make the adjustment.

With just one game to go in the schedule, the Canadiens had allowed only 150 goals (best in the NHL). "We've improved better than 1975," says Bowman. "We've improved better than 1975." Bowman refused. "And that's a lot in this game. I'm happy about it." But it wasn't just a question of playing more defensively. Ken Dryden, the tall lawyer who can play goal like a tank wall, returned to the team he displayed before he took his famous one-year sabbatical from hockey over a salary dispute. Many games this year Dryden kept his team close until it could get untracked and take command.

Talent. Canadiens have so many good defencemen that Bowman says himself doesn't know what to do with them all. Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe are both all-stars. Larry (Big Bird) Robinson isn't far away. Don Awrey, acquired a year ago for his muscle, was good enough to partner Bobby Orr for several years in Boston. Rick Charney (born, of all places, in Cincinnati) and Bill Nyrop (born in Minnesota, a former quarterback with the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, and son of the club

creative officer of Northwest General Aircraft) are solid newcomers. Pierre Bouchard, the son of former Canadiens' captain Emile (Bitch) Bouchard, and John Van Bommen are more or less almost every other team in the league. Unity forward Jimmy Roberts, the team's oldest player at 34, can play defense, as well.

Then there are the forwards led by Lafleur and Peter Mahovlik, Lafleur, the greatest scorer in the history of junior hockey (Canadiens made stand-bogging debts to make sure they'd have the right to draft him five years ago), finally broke through last year and began to tear apart the NHL the way he'd been expected to. This year, he has improved again, and late in the season he was duking with Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke for the scoring championship. A quiet one, who doesn't play any "don't let me lead on the ice," Lafleur plays on a line with the irascible Mahovlik, the team's greatest and one of the world's greatest players, and Steve Shew, a hot junior who won the jump directly to the Canadiens. This line, Bowman says, is the club's secret defensive weapon. "They're always got the puck," the coach chuckles. "That's not a bad defense."

The Canadiens' second by line—Courcy, Rogers Lemieux and Yvon Lambert—can play defensive hockey, too. Lambert is a rugged player. Rescued by the Canadiens from the wasteland of the International League and worth to know the club's first until he was a time ago, he has become one of the league's toughest cornersmen, as well as a 30-goal scorer. Bowman also has a checking line, which he

judges from time to time, using jargon. Doug Barr, Roberts, Dave Bouchard, Mike Tremblay, defencemen Van Bommen and anybody else who happens to be in uniform that night.

Sometimes Bowman uses three lines, sometimes five. His constant tinkering with his lineup among the press in Montreal and occasionally upon the players. But Bowman can point to the results. For instance, in Jean Beliveau says: "It's a good thing to be flexible. Sometimes you have to play a checking game, sometimes a skating game. Some can sit on a shift or two, if somebody's not quite ready that night. And he can call what kind of game—checking, checking, skating—it's going to be. Sometimes the press criticize it. Because they don't understand it." Beliveau, vice-president of the club, isn't his desk long thoughtful for a moment. "It's a hard thing," he says. "A very hard thing to find 20 perfect men." He leaves the impression that the Canadiens have come closer than most teams.

No fewer than 18 Stanley Cup champions last high above the Forum ice, occasionally throwing in the still as he thought the ghosts of Morenz, Georges Vézina, and other stars from other eras were restless, moving about, keeping in step on things making sure the team doesn't go Canadian. Almost always has a good hockey team, and more often than any great one. Why? The quick answer, heard much often around the league, is Ben Pollock, vice-president and general manager of the club. Pollock is an acknowledged hockey genius. Says Rocket Richard, who has had his

The young Beliveau and the older Bouchard, both right. Morenz, belated high by Richard and Courty after another Stanley Cup. Over the years, the group has changed.



The "genius" Pollock with the much-in-bred veteran Bernard (left) and the present keeper of the Canadiens' flame, Lafleur (center) are at the top. The Flying Frenchmen may be new, but the tradition lives on.

Bowman and Beliveau (above) and Mahovlik (left) were coaches are loved, others despised, but when it comes to winning, these three never seem to matter.

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

difficulties with Pollock and doesn't care who knows about them. "If I owned the club, I would want Sam Pollock to run it like you play hockey now," says Beliveau, who for nearly two decades personified the grace of fast hockey on the ice and who now personifies the quality of the Montreal organization off the ice. "Sam Pollock never stops working, never stops thinking. I have to ask myself if other general managers in the league work as hard as Sam does." Says Floyd (Buster) Curry, a former Canadiens' star who is now the club's assistant general manager: "He'll Sam to the Canadiens." After asking the other's namesake about Pollock, Al MacNeil takes the question a step further. "What makes the Canadiens special?" We'll

Pran Halda. Sam Pollock goes everywhere he's suffered from knee and groin injury. But just that he is from so far away. That much he had gone by car from Montreal to New York. For the Lester Patrick award dinner. Then, from New York by car, to Nova Scotia to watch MacNeil's Voyageurs. From Halifax, he had traveled by car back to Montreal for a day at his former office, an evening of his

"WHEN YOU'RE THE CANADIENS, HENRI RICHARD SAID, 'YOU CAN'T MAKE EXCUSES'



Ruel and Hynes: old coaches never defect, and young players wait for their turn

when I got out of prison [MacNeil was captain of a Montreal Cup-winning Toronto Marlboros team] and I started playing pro. I was a going too well. But then I got into the Canadiens' organization and, well, as soon as I hit that Canadiens [training] room and saw a lock around at the same on the walls and everything, I realized I could never go in there at less than my best. God the eyes that are on you to there. It's got to be the most-watched team in pro sports. The press, the public. And all those guys who've been there before. Well, that's a wonderful thing that you could get from the coach on anything. You just had to give it your very best." MacNeil, now coach and general manager of Montreal's top farm team, the Nova Scotia Voyageurs, coached the Canadiens to a Stanley Cup the only year he had the job (1970-71).

Sam Pollock is weary. He's been in and out of his body in a wheelchair in a wheelchair, a rough month, a rough day. It has probably never been a rough day. It is Friday afternoon. He has to attend a private function in the evening. He arrived in Montreal early in the morning

private function and a Saturday of (then before the Canadiens play the Boston Bruins) Pollock pointedly declines to discuss his fear of flying. "That's not important. It's not so important." And he is reluctant to discuss the No. 1 topic of conversation in the hockey world—superstar Bobby Orr. But he does at his contract problems in Boston. "Until Jean-Benoit Orr is the property of the Boston Bruins, under contract to them," Pollock says. "I can't discuss him until after this." (A healthy Orr on the Canadiens would double the league payroll.) But he is willing to discuss the mystique of the Montreal team. "Well, we've always been lucky in that we've always had great players. Men like the Rocket, Beliveau, Doug Harvey, Geoffrion. These were great men. They were exceptional. They were like Lou Gehrig and Ruth and Mantle on the New York Yankees. Great leaders who attracted great followings and performed magnificently. I think the Canadiens have been a bit like the old Yankees that way."

Pollock is quick to deny what everyone else says, that he is the Canadiens. Yes, he agrees the club has made some excellent under. Yes, it has done well even though it lost its own most recent Stanley

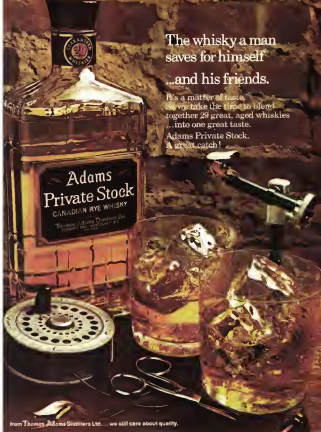
Cup. Conner signed with the World Hockey Association's Phoenix Roadrunners for a long's career. Robin Skerfving decided he didn't want to play pro hockey. And yes, he agrees that the Canadiens have a good organization. He might. He might. But that's the point, he says. "No one can do it. We all sit down and talk about players. We talk and we agree." By "we," he means his hockey brain trust—Beliveau, assistant coach Claude Ruel (a demerol addict, who more often than not can be found as a gay phase in the Canadiens arena talking to Pollock in 11 ways about a left-winger he's just seen), MacNeil, and chief scout Ron Curcio. "We listen to each other, keep tabs on players and follow our own good judgment," Pollock says. MacNeil confirms this. "One thing about Sam—he always gives you input in a lot of conversation. The key is hard work. He demands it from everyone. And he gets it, because of the example he sets." Pollock is 50 years old and never stops.

Henri Richard summed it up in the spring of 1973, just before leaving Montreal to its most recent cup trophy (it was Henri's eleventh). "When you're the Canadiens you cannot make excuses." Scotty Bowman knows this, too. He has known it since the day he took over from MacNeil. In four seasons, Bowman has won the cup once, a record that in any other way would be considered quite acceptable. In Montreal, where the press is hockey-mad and the fans all-knowing, it is not good enough (MacNeil was not far off, and, not by job.) Bowman, who has a statistician's mind and who can read off a stopwatch array of facts and figures about his game, has instructions—from the press, from the fans, even from his players. Bring the cup back to Montreal. Would he regard this as a complete failure if he coached his team to a first-place finish and all the way through the play-offs only to lose the Stanley Cup in the seventh game on a fluke overtime goal? Yes. "A moment's pause while he considers the question further. "Well, maybe not a complete failure. But a failure. Certainly it would be a complete disappointment."

The team agrees. For most men, calls Ruel. Stanley is a goal. It is a trophy in the truest sense of the word—a symbol to be gained to battle a great accomplishment. Bobby Orr is the one in mind he was an obsession of cup-winning teams. Let's take them already won their money by roughly \$200,000 in prize money. But for the Canadiens, it's more. "Ahhhh, the cup," says Curcio, lovingly, like a man talking about a favorite daughter. "It's not easy to win. You've got to work hard." He is slowly putting on his practice cap and then to flex the fingers of his left hand. He wears a white. Ligaments. The skin, and puffed glove muscles have tightened him through the season, but he has played and slowly suffered pain attacks while the puck refused to roll for him. Near the end

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THE ROCKET TODAY IS A BITTER MAN: 'WE WERE SLAVES IN THOSE DAYS, JUST SLAVES'

all the 18-page regular schedule, with its airports and hotel rooms and restaurant food and on-air criticism, virtually every player in the league is hating somewhere or other, often in several places at once. But the hater-haters neither when a team is winning, and the Canadiens are winning almost every game they play. Elsewhere in the room, players are in various stages of sadness. Mahovlich is, as usual, a laughing fit. "This golden age again," he shouts in mock anguish. "Every day is the same (monotonous) thing. Put the equipment on. Take the equipment off." He pauses, looks around shyly, then says: "But how many guys in the world would like to come down here, put the equipment on and go for a little? How many guys, eh?"

The team is loose, confident and happy—a far cry from the way it was just a few years ago. The problem was isolated: the team wasn't winning all the time, and some players were jealous of others' salaries. Martin descended to the point where, during one heated team discussion, the fiery Henri Richard slapped Savard's face in a dispute over prize rotations. There was

more, much more, so it isn't that, but the incident showed the organization not to mention the club's fate. Finally, the club worked out a system to air grievances, and management adopted an open-door policy, allowing players to bring up their problems. It seems to have worked, although such men as Mahovlich look back nostalgically to the days when the players solved their own problems. "I remember when I was captain," Beliveau says, "we used to sit right in front of the dressing room. Occasionally if that didn't do it I'd go out with a player for a private talk after practice. We'd go to lunch, maybe have a beer, and talk it out." But Beliveau was such a towering figure on the team—both physically and in terms of sheer ego—that he found negotiating relatively easy. Since he retired, despite the life and determination Henri Richard brought to the job, the club has really been without a leader. The role has been "balked" with Mahovlich, Lapointe, Dwyer and, lately, Lafleur, all proposing a place. "The team doesn't really have a leader, in the sense that Orr and Clarke are leaders," says Dwyer, himself a main motif of the club's hopes, not just for future but for his off-ice career. "We don't have any single players who can pick the club up all by himself and get it moving." The hope is in the front office appears to be that as time goes by and he improves, Guy Lafleur will naturally assume the role.

Lafleur—or "Flower," as his teammates call him—did not have an easy time of it when he came to the team. Two months were expected of him too soon. But then there was the same problem. Bought in by Pollock to succeed MacNeil, whose Henri Richard had unfortunately, if correctly, dismissed as the worst coach he'd ever seen, Bowman was faced with an enormous challenge. Pollock had given him a cup championship. There was nowhere to go but down. And down the Canadiens went—but not very far. The following year, Bowman had a cup of his own. Still, he was not very popular. As Montreal Star columnist Red Fisher observed not long ago: "Scott Bowman's team will finish in first place this year and should win the Stanley Cup, but when was the last time Scott was a popularity contest? When was the last time he got a vote?" Popular or not, Bowman seems to have reached a truce with his players. "They know," says Orr, "that he has the best interests at heart." Much of the credit goes to Ruel, the rallyingly talented coach who succeeded Hector (Doc) Blake and who also has coached a Stanley Cup winner (1954-55). Like MacNeil, Ruel came to rely on Pollock when he stepped down in coach. Popular with the players (the team gave him a ruckus when he retired over the coaching job), Ruel acts as a buffer for Bowman, but he never undertakes him. He is a company man. They all are.

Beliveau, the ultimate player man, has come to terms with retirement and cheerfully he dreams he's wealthy. ("I only wish I had the money people think I do. I don't have a cent. I don't have a cent. . . I don't want that") but, since he's happy as a vice-president and director of Coca-Cola, he's not the least bit interested in the fact that the Montreal family's interest in the Canadiens four years ago. He works hard on whatever project the Canadiens want him to do, and doesn't mind being left to the Jean Beliveau Fund, a charitable organization he and some friends established after the death of his father. "They come to me and say, 'Jean, you've played a long time now, and we want to give you a night in the Forum.' I told them I would be okay, but I didn't want the real thing—the one in the Forum. Well, they said, 'Today, the Jean Beliveau Fund has needs of \$250,000. You have organizations that work with children."

Life in a number of the Montreal Canadiens is much like life in anything else: it depends on what you make of it. The Beliveau brothers are a case in point. Robert, the greatest hero in French Canada's history, is today a better 54-year-old father of a large family, doing out a living by a variety of means: a ghosted hockey column at a Montreal paper; a fishing-line business which he runs from his basement; a job with a Montreal biological company, a distributorship of these closed-circuit television systems there as to spot shipwrecks. On the surface, a fairly full plate. But underneath, saying, somewhat that he never struck it rich. The Beliveau thrived his millions of fans nearly three decades before the World Hockey Association and six-figure salaries came along. "We were slaves, just slaves, in those days. Now the players have everything that they want. I'm glad for them, but it's ridiculous, the money they're getting." The Ruel may be being a little bit with his old employers. After he retired the club kept him on full salary for three years while he played the role of "consultant" (goodwill ambassador). "Then they told me they were taking my job in half, so I quit." The famous rye mill flash with anger at the memory. Now he downgrades today's hockey. "I had 14 seasons taken a couple of years ago and I kept living money on them. Finally I told people, they'd have to buy the whole season if they wanted them."

Henri, who played in his older brother's shadow in the early years when the greatest Canadian team of all won five straight Stanley Cups (1955-65), has also retired but doesn't have to log his season tickets for a few bucks. He is a prosperous salesman-keeper with a growing real-estate empire. Francine Henri Richard is one of the prettiest women in Montreal, a memento to a better day in the hockey world. Henri started out with purses and rented dresses 15 years ago. Today, he has long since

bought out his partners, bought his previous, bought the building past door and begun to look for new fields to cultivate. "Hockey was very good for me," he says, "it gave me everything I have, and I put it away." Now, he plays tennis, dines with old friends and looks as fit as ever though he did 14 years ago. If he succeeded beyond his childhood dreams.

As it is with people, so it is with organizations. Success is making the most of your opportunities. Ages from the French support, the Montreal Canadiens ought to be no different, no more popular, no more successful than the Toronto Maple Leafs—

another Canadian club with a long and honorable tradition, with Stanley Cups in its past and with millions of fans. But there is a difference. There is a Stanley Cup in the Canadiens' future, and the Canadiens are far more important to their constituency than the Maple Leafs are. In their Sam Pollock acknowledges the public it is important. "One of our great strengths is that the people are so interested and concerned. I won't never want to see that change." It is suggested in fact that the Canadiens' fans, as a group, take a proprietary interest in their team. Pollock nods, looking pleased. "Proximity. Not I like that. That's exactly right."

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Zappia the Magnificent

He didn't need any more money. He needed immortality. And that's what the Olympic Village will give him, one way or another

By Angela Ferrante

With one quick decision swing, Joseph Zappia sweeps them all away. The consultants, architects, designers, the people with small ideas and pretty plans. The journalists looking for scandals, chipping away at his reputation. Especially the ones dumping on his baby, the Olympic Village. Why can't everyone be more like Major Louis Zappia, the man he confabulates, schemes with, confides details with? "There's a man with grandiose dreams like me," he says. "We get along." Dark and compact, Zappia builds his dreams of brick and mortar. At 30 the son of a Cuban immigrant, he wanted to rise and flourish as an opera singer. Instead he found fortune in engineering and construction, making his first million by his early thirties, taking the shortcuts of success in a hurry, bolting in and around the edges of legality and calling it the common sense of the man at the bottom. At 50 Joseph Zappia figures he's got it made. Here he is, president of Zanolaga, the four-man consortium building the Olympic Village. The son of man and the 10th man stands outside out of sight, in a \$300,000 three-story building under construction. The son of man who, against all odds, rose from the Progressive Conservative leadership. The 40-year-old Joseph Zappia isn't going to be put off by regulators.

At the window of his apartment floor downtown Montreal, the president of Les Terraces Zanolaga Inc. looks out over his domain. A tiny visited man's hand picks out buildings he or his three partners own separately or in partnership, about 375 million worth of apartments, condominiums, offices and vacation lots. But inside the office, all around him are the signs of his own personal latest venture: he somehow managed to get the largest number of licenses to sell Olympic pins, phorbals. An Olympic check talks on the wall. An Olympic lamp stands on his shelves, impaled in beauty. Forever assuming that will sell, yes, will sell despite all this negotiation about the games. Olympic shirts, key-chains, stamps, Olympic posters flower on the walls. But he's not putting in the biggest project or any of his partners—all new wheels—desires in the developer's playground that is downtown

Montreal—have ever undertaken. There is a peaking white and shiny over-the-shoulder five-colour knee that settles over the low row houses of the east end—the pyramid of the Olympic Village. Something he is convinced by. Something to last. "I am the man who thought of it first. I am the man who negotiated it. I am the most important man behind it. I am the one understood that?"

But get Rousselle partly back to his grey-streaked hair. He flashes back, too, all those persistent questions. He looks like the ambassador he once was (in Canada) in terms of velvet culturalism and vagueness. When he says, "This is a very delicate situation. The various interests of decision-making cannot be controlled by anyone," he means Mayor Drapeau and his partner Zappia and friends simply have not played the game fairly. Rousselle, as head of Montreal's Olympic Organizing Committee (later known by its French abbreviation, *com*) is usually downcast and, but he still suffers when he remembers the early morning hours of October 21, 1974. Even the husband of Vienna's International Hotel couldn't see the "unthinkable" feeling of being up against the wall. The headstrong Depuying Committee was demanding a signed contract for the building of the village—or else no Olympic Games. The husband, Zanolaga, went lighting for the best terms possible—and winning. How had he got into such a position? Drapeau was supposed to build the village. He had found Zanolaga. He had accepted three pyramidal designs. And then when financing got hard to find, he had changed the whole thing in one's lap. So, as Rousselle explains it now, there was nothing to do but sign a disastrous contract. To let (350) take on an open-ended mortgage ("a man like me who doesn't even like open doors") assume the heaviest burden while all but giving away the eventual ownership of the village to the builders. A contract in favour of the builder that only three months later Premier Robert Bourassa wanted that to be renegotiated.

Since then Rousselle has watched the

\$33-million price tag escalate to around \$100 million, and it's still climbing. The original \$100-million cross mortgage is now more than \$60 million, much of it probably unrecouped. Even worse, last November 150 members of the *com* and the Quebec Provincial Police raided the offices of village builders, subcontractors and some professionals started with a stamp of look-backs, found a 1971 stamping off the top of beds by "various parties" which police found extremely right, reach the millions. Even the home of the late Senor St. Pierre, vice-president of *com*, was searched. As if that wasn't enough, there were complaints about the \$1.38 million in bonuses paid to two consultants who finished their work a half the time they predicted it would take. ("I never saw money but what can you do?" says Rousselle.) There were charges that the 19 money pyramids would be a cramped home for the 11,000-plus athletes; that the design was really a steal from an apartment complex on the French Riviera; that the contract couldn't be renegotiated for Canadian weather, that after the games the 900 units would never sell at a condominium glutting the market; that the real end was the wrong place for luxury apartments anyway, with factories in the east low-income houses, a decay of slums to the south, and the Olympic stadium to the south-west. The whole scheme was threatening to become a white elephant, even before the completion date of May 15. "If I could have foreseen these problems I would have turned so fast and gone the other way," insists Rousselle. Finding the facts somewhat disastrous he slips into metaphor. "I see this as a ship pointing into the horizon, a ship that has had its sails driven at it that it can't stop. The ship is a luxury liner few people sized for but for which money will pay.

When Drapeau went looking for builders for the Olympic Village in 1973—a village to match the grandeur of the stadium just one quarter of a mile to the south-

Zappia rampant: he is the man who made it happen. The most important man!



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were—Zappa was ready to take on anything big. He had been in construction since the age of 23, enjoying it so much that he could never attend the country from construction site to construction site, learning the sub-trades. Learning, as he says, that "the person at the bottom right side of a shanty—where you get on the job and the best of ingenuity is not easily downed. I look at the low as being a common sense." Zappa was getting a name as a builder. He put up a large condominium in Longwood and a doctor's clinic in St. Lambert. His biggest project, the 21-story Parc Place apartments in the city core, was built with three men who went later to form Zandega with him—René Laporte, Andrew Gaty and Gerald Robinson.

Zappa and Despres knew each other from a previous encounter. In the 1970 municipal election Zappa formed the Montreal Party which fielded 15 candidates. Oddly enough, his party seemed more intent on attacking the only other opposition to Despres, a group called Front (Front d'Action Politique), looking it to be the one which had just been on the scene (Zappa still calls them "that rag bunch") and Despres "a good mayor." In the poll, however, Despres was the victor. Zappa's Party came in second, but the impression lingers on that Zappa was a plant out to split the vote, a charge that emerged again when he ran for the Progressive Conservative leadership.

When the specifications for the village structure to be built on the municipal golf course were made public, Zappa was one of the first—and the few—to respond. The 130-million project was rejected as being too "extraneous," but Despres told him to keep working on it. Despres still along wanted a permanent structure rather than a temporary one—a building put up by private enterprises, which would sell as condominiums after the games. In their approach to the village, Zappa and Despres were not far apart.

In May 1978 over a business lunch, Zappa brought up the idea with his three partners. There were plenty of drawbacks. The project would mean putting up 300 units all in one spot, throwing them on the market all at one time, at a period when no builder would dream of building more than 250 units at a time. A project of that size if built at all would have been put up in stages, sold in stages. As well, it would mean dealing with the city, and the early speculators, and Despres's impetuosity had already shown how complicated that might be. Still they were attracted. Gaty, a Hong Kong immigrant who grew up his profession as a clerk to make his millions in real estate, said "Let's face it, we all have a little pride and vanity." Robinson had been a partner with Gaty on a couple of ventures and was willing to try another. Laporte, 45, a big bear of a builder who started with luxury homes and finished with high-rises, the owner of a Montreal-based opportunity to build some-

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being innovative. "I didn't want to build just houses, so I decided to build the same square houses because he can't speculate. It was expensive to experiment. You have to take advantage when you get an exceptional occasion — like building for the government."

Lepore remembered the beautiful, 8-shaped pyramids designed by French architect André Mirouze in Bué des Anges. He still had a pamphlet showing the building like kind of a villa, a builder's dream project and then, after the first four buildings were in D'Amore's office pointing forward their idea. D'Amore was so enthralled by the idea, the next week he sent a representative with the builders to meet Mirouze and his wife in Montreux. By June 28, after getting only a temporary design proposal by the University of Montreal for \$246 million, D'Amore proudly unveiled the Olympic games. The four men formed Zappala taking two teams from each team to make the idea. It was their biggest project by far. (The design they were given to the Quebec architectural firm D'Amore & D'Amore Mirouze apparently wanted to see for playability, but just it as a new work of the local better.)

But when the idea was given to copy, it wasn't as big as so simple. All along the builders were fighting for a good deal. They wanted to be compensated for the eight months the building would be used for the Olympics, and they expected to get their money back from the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. But after D'Amore made a preliminary announcement saying some task funding was announced the team, regarding the project, was unable to find its needs. Most of the work would be too small for low-income dwellings, the outdoor corridors impractical for old people. As negotiations from him and D'Amore turned of Zappala, it was becoming obvious to the three might not be the best village. At the end of the year, the not breathing down his neck, Rousseau who didn't know one end of the builders' charge from another, found himself in a lurch. Up against the wall.

Finally, the builders, with only one idea, that the contract Zappala and Rousseau had just agreed upon in Vienna was "very favorable" to Zappala. The builders were to receive four million dollars (two million immediately and the rest later) and take a \$30.4 million fine (not loan) from the Banque Canadienne Nationale, with the Caisse acting as guarantor. The difference, \$9.6 million at the time, was waived by a loan on an open-ended second mortgage to be repaid at first mortgage interest rates. (This commitment soon jumped to \$12.6 million as the project was enlarged to accommodate an increased number of athletes; Rousseau was also responsible for paying \$7.6 million to start the building for village use.) After the games, Zappala would make \$95 million, while the project as a whole would be a net loss of \$1.6 million by the end of the year (an extremely low

profit for a project so large). In fact, even the builders would then repay the loan's loan of their net profit. In 1993 they could cancel their debt to cover tonight by paying 10 times the amount of the loan and almost no profit (not expected to be much in these first difficult years) could not be foreclosed in default and no net profit was to go to Rousseau. Zappala had deducted an annual depreciation of \$1.25 million a year (based on a present cost estimate of \$46 million), operating costs, first mortgage interest payments and expenses. As well, Zappala would make a management fee: 12% on the first \$30 million and 8% on the next three million. The builders accepted their original investment, the loan, the interest, in management fees from these in six months. This transaction cost aimed to explode. When work started in December



Zappala subverted on becoming a martyr

1974, several months behind schedule, subcontractors' bids were double what had been expected. Costs washed as the original bill multiplied like rabbits. By January a special National Assembly, convened to look at the cost, ordered the contract suspended. (At that time the builders received their accounts to \$45 million — with one taking into consideration compensation for such its services and bonuses.) The new contract, worked out in July but still assigned because of continued delays, was slightly more favorable to Zappala. At least, it gave Rousseau more alternatives. Zappala's investment had been dropped to two million dollars. His fees would be \$5.2 million. Rousseau can buy back the village if it repays the builders' investment and pays them another five million dollars. (The contract also extends the repayment of Rousseau's loan to 30 years and provides that the first mortgage be repaid in the same time after which, Rousseau can foreclose in default.) Rousseau will probably elect to take over the project and make the best of it rather than let so much of their money dip away. And the village here built to the strict, potential, everyone would have made a profit, or at least broken even. But

with the present price tag, the team, if sold in condominiums, would be financially equivalent. The post-Olympic economic slowdown, which everyone is expecting, won't be the right sort of climate for that kind of dreaming.

Somewhere the builders can make it all seem very reasonable. Especially Garry, the financial fix. Telling you not to pay any attention to Zappala's explanation of the contract (the game is all secondhand from me anyway), he explains they were really just over budget. When also would have undertaken to build such a large project in such a little time? Several other builders were approached by the city but refused to do it. The city's own planning director had said the village project, which will house 1,200 people after the games, in "the last building, here, which was a street view." Who could have foreseen the tremendous gap in inflation which was to come? Didn't the Olympic studios, too, jumped from \$120 million to \$600 million? The village was so large a project for 90% of the local sub-construction. Most of them didn't even bother to bid because the choice. True, the builders paid high bonuses, but if the project had fallen behind schedule it would have been difficult to overcome to catch up. True, subcontractors "padded" their bids, they were only deflating themselves against inflation and labor problems that only the year before had caused in any of them to go broke. And there was always that Olympic deadline if they had only started a year earlier.

So now they are under investigation. Their houses, offices, children needed. Two hundred boxes of documents carried away. Subcontractors investigated on the smallest details. Their phones tapped. The conclusion that the \$60,000 in cash stolen from Zappala's house (the day before he installed a new alarm system) was somehow part of alleged profits ("I always kept a lot of cash at home. I do a lot of business abroad," explains Zappala). One Zappala consultant was away when police raided his house and took his apartment keys and car keys. It took two regional letters and two months of waiting to get them back. In suspension, Garry says, "If we had such a good deal, why should we steal?" The builders also point to the fact that every order was closely monitored by Rousseau and, after the parliamentary consultation, by a team of consultants. Garry says, "We told our employees right from the beginning to expect an investigation. That is an inevitable after a project of this size." It will be the builders then who will be up against the wall. "In this climate everybody will be looking for scapegoats. All the cards are stacked against us."

Details: More details. Zappala is once again fighting on the Olympic Village issue — but only momentarily. Oh, maybe a couple of more drivers and a few things from the site, which's \$200,000 worth of debt on a construction site anyway? Le-

"They told me I'd love the big city."



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"Sure. Here I am feeling like a refugee with my entire world piled around me in boxes, crates and wrapping paper."

"But really, I guess I'm pretty lucky. This move would have been twice as tough if my wife hadn't been here. In fact, when I think about it, she's done most of the organizing, and I've done all the complaining. I mean she's been managing time to find the tea and make a pot for the two of us. What a super idea. It was a great chance to sit back, relax and put things into proper perspective in our own minds. That cup of tea gave us the break we needed."

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pair had once asked.) And it's possible some subcommittee made deals between themselves. It's possible. He's not leaving any sleep over it all. There are other things to worry about. There are people out there just waiting to get you, he says. The anti-fascist. Look at what happened to him when he tried to sue for the PC's violent attack on him. Look at what happened to the painter, and even Claude Despins, Quebec PC head and one of the chief organizers in the village, tried to take him out of it. But he was just as good as any of the other candidates. He fired an old Union National organizer, Christian Vain, paid him \$5,000 to get numerous signatures from delegates. Before he knew what was happening, he'd been thrown out by the party himself for irregularities in his nomination papers. The names of 26 delegates confiscated with those submitted by another candidate, Brian Mulroney. One signature was false. Several delegates, when questioned, said they thought they had been signing for Mulroney, not Zappa. He thought back for some time. Vain and two other campaign workers for two anti-fascist dollars claiming they sabotaged him. He says Vain hired Marc Dubuc and Paul Delaney, old-time Tory workers to get names for him even though they were at the same time working for Mulroney. "It could have caught up every penny I gave him," mutters Zappa.

Like the gold-to-room of the call in the Ritz Carlton, many of the winners are Italian. They know Zappa's well. It's one of his favorite places. There's something about and reasoning about these definitions and definitions. He lets the music of Zappa's music — "American Italian" — and confides he won't come out all that badly from this Olympic business. It's not when he's legging by his mouth in the Olympic movement. He had expected to make about \$40 million, but it might only be two million now. But he certainly gets personal politics. And he learned a few things. "It's just because I'm Italian, you know. The English try to do everything to stop a fellow's progress. I didn't know and I got into this just how much discrimination there is." But I remember another morning when he confided into the phone. "All you have to do is go some time and he becomes a martyr. It goes. I've become a martyr." I remember, too, the editor of a local Italian newspaper who called me up to say. Mr. Zappa really is a good man, you know. As Zappa doesn't have much, he has a great and switches into Italian — on Italian target with a firmness, too long away from home. "We Italians we have to stick together. You have to make them understand. I can't see the opposition with behind me anymore. Don't write anything if you're going to write something negative. Don't say me to stop the Olympics." Just before he leaves, he looks me lightly, Italian style, on both cheeks and says, "Who knows, perhaps there may even be a little something for you in this."

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The Presidential play-offs

In theory the primaries determine the two men who will fight for the championship, but mostly they decide who won't

By Walter Stewart

The men were slightly gassed. The blue eyes of a blond playing and playing a look of a hole out of town. The ruffled sweater suit looked gently with its owner on the bar stool. But he was not so much drunk as puzzled. "What I want to know," he asked somebody in the room, "is what the hell does a 'hell' mean?" He felt the pulse of the Everglades Hotel in downtown Miami, exchanged every glance he had in there.

It was underfoot on March 10, and the men it tried out was unbelievable. He had been a developer for Senator Henry Jackson in the Florida primary that had ended a few hours earlier. Nothing big, he had wanted a photo for a few hours in a telephone column, intended some relief, studied Jackson's pamphlet under the windshield wipers of cars, and he had joined more cooked waters—protein chicken and other horse manure—in the first group up to salute Jackson's third place finish. But after a while, all these things flying, knowing he had raised voices he got to get to him—"What the Christ was all the first about? We can't find it!"—and he wandered away down to the Regent Bar.

The man's confusion was understandable. It was his first election, a middle-aged middle class businessman, "thick as"—the result of a feeling that he, an ordinary working stiff, should do more to celebrate his country's 200th birthday than buy a sprig of "It's a hard-berger at dawn over to the Panhandle Hotel in Miami Beach to see the Baby Boom trip from the Room-Boom Room (to get within a flag out of her own clothing) giving parliament will present a great weekend. So he phoned a member in the paper and went to work for Jackson. Why Jackson? Well, he seemed a contrast model: not a racist like George Wallace, but not soft on the Communists either. Like some of those other dogs. For a registered Democrat, he thought, it was a choice between Jimmy Carter of Georgia and Sonny Jackson of Washington and he went to Jackson because at this point, Carter was an unknown, a glowing snail, a thick of hair, and looking under—later, when Carter got more press, he looked better; but as a snail in Jackson.

The campaign had been kind of fun

People would phone you up, ask you to do things, talk about "our boy" and what he was doing. After Jackson's win in Massachusetts on March 2, there was real excitement. It began to look as if you could be part of the crowd of the President. Then came the primary in Florida. On the Democratic side, Carter ran first, which was a surprise. But never mind, the polls said: Carter gets a lot of votes and money

which a primary gets its importance from a feeling in the air, a general understanding that this time, in this place, the results are important.

In 1952, President Harry Truman, who said the pressures were "enormous," dropped out of the race for reelection after Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee beat him in New Hampshire. Kefauver won 12 out of the 16 primaries in the Democratic



but, he got a secret prize, so the win didn't mean that much. Wallace came second, but that didn't count either, because he had been expected to win. So, the Jackson workers were saying, our boy's third place finish was really a win. He had won in the industrial north and now had run well in the South. It would give him a boost for New York and even California, down the line. It kept the momentum going, that so an ordinary working stiff, this man's staff was hard to take. "He'll, there it is!" he kept saying. "He'll, there it is!"

In the 1960s the first shall be last, but in the primary system that new domestic American Presidential politics the first may be second or third—or some guy who isn't a race at all. Sometimes the pressures are cruel: sometimes they don't mean a thing, and what makes it really cruel is that this nobody knows beforehand which a



taken, then he was debased at the nominating convention by Adlai Stevenson, who hadn't received a single vote. President Lyndon Johnson was forced out of the 1968 race because, while he was in New Hampshire, his image over Eugene McCarthy was dimmer than "they" (the pollsters, vicariously, professional politicians, national media) were capturing. McCarthy, in turn, was shoved aside by Hubert Humphrey who never went near New Hampshire. In 1972, the New Hampshire primary, flanked off Edward Brooke, he won, but by a lower margin than "they" expected. On the other hand, Eisenhower's campaign in 1952 was given a big boost by a Minnesota win over the party

that he lost. Nelson Rockefeller, committed the Republican centre.

Here we go again. The two top Democrats in conventional political wisdom are Ted Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, but they are stacked in a single primary, but Humphrey is expected by many pundits to emerge with the party nomination in July. However, if Jimmy Carter who is entered in the primaries, sets up enough committed delegates, he could walk off with the prize. George Wallace of Alabama, who could wind up winning more primaries than any other candidate, is judged to have no chance at all for the nomination. But then neither has Bob Dole of Indiana, because he faced badly in two



rounds. Reagan (center) finds the opening shot in the 1976 New Hampshire primary. Gleasons, from the left Betty Ford and a media press while wearing her husband's California campaign headquarters; Democratic front-runner Jimmy Carter goes along with a gag perpetuated by a supporter of his current arch-rival, Hubert Jackson; in Illinois George Wallace rallies the blue-collar masses; in Washington, just before speaking to a "cathartic" audience, Ford reaffirms his allegiance to the flag; and in Washington, just after the Florida primary, Jackson is presented with a cake, not for winning or placing, but for showing

George, Robert, John, John F. Kennedy was launched in 1960 by his win over Humphrey in West Virginia, which was a big primary that year, and Richard Nixon used the primaries in 1972 to demonstrate

early votes. On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan could be given the lion's share in the next few weeks—indeed, his loss in Florida may have finished him already—while President Gerald Ford, a man of his word, and he would say in the race no matter what happened in the primaries.

Sometimes, trying to gauge the effect of a primary makes as little sense as counting the entrails of a dead goat. In Illinois, Adlai Stevenson III became the instant primary favorite—though he announced reluctantly he was not running—after Democratic boss Richard Daley of Chicago snubbed him on the ballot to promote his (Daley's) backing power at the convention. The primary system is lovely. Political writer Robert Kennedy commented 10 years ago that "These jacks and choose centers, with situations in rules that would be a Philadelphia lawyer, serve

IN THE END, VICTORY MAY GO TO SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T WIN, PLACE OR EVEN SHOW

largely to turn the pre-convention strategy into a combination of chess, poker and astrology—diverting, but not to be taken for political science. Since Bushman's observation, the primaries have given lesser leagues a moment in which a dozen states line up in different spots on the track, take off to the sound of different paucal drop out when they feel lost, sometimes running against each other and sometimes against the clock. The results are judged by a flock of bystanders who are more confused than the contestants and the top is awarded either to one of the harem or a stranger who never came near the track, depending. It is easy to dismiss the process but, for a Canadian not used after all the strange system is what we are. Consistent neighbor ways to select—or not—a leader. Outside our foreign policy and our economy are all, in a sense, hostage to the power and personality of the American President and their identity, in the primary system. If this system is to be used, Ronald Reagan President (now a long shot, but not impossible), we would be thankful to a man who turned us on a past life



Trudeau and Stevenson in 1982; Mulroney stopped Harry, New Aclat stopped him

performance in *Rebelle for Rome*, and appears to be working up to that role in *Dr. Strangelove*. The primaries have already made strong contenders out of Hillary Jackson, a vocal liberal fiscal conservative, and Jay Gould, a leader and of Jimmy Carter, a man who likes under scrutiny, like the Chinese, or until nothing is left behind but a look-wide smile. So we can't wait to watch and goggle watching

for the comedy to climax. The Canadian embassy in Washington has sent a political expert snoring around the primaries, and with good reason: part of our future is at stake.

But there is something else Canadians might consider. For their defense, the primary system contains more chaos than the Canadian method of choosing political leaders solely through delegate con-

ventions, but is it any clearer? For concentrated hysteria, the convention that elected Prime John Turner to the leadership of the Liberal party in 1980 (and domination of Canadian politics ever since) knows few equals for mystification. The Tory convention that recently gave us Joe Clark (and the burning question, "Who the hell is Joe Clark?") was useless for maneuvering arm-twisting and heavy lifting, the convention that propelled Tommy Douglas to the leadership of the war at its founding convention in 1943 was a weak farce to be seen at (Harem Argue, who defied the party boss, has his own Douglas, was childhood on the first ballot. He was also alleged to be a better person, to which he replied is kind. He would give a sure loss, a full end and a success.) The Canada system of choosing leaders has little to do with the people will choose from every platform is used to be done by a cabal of party bosses meeting in a back room, now it's done by a larger cabal of party bosses meeting under bright lights. Most of the delegates are handicapped by their ignorance. They seldom represent either the public at large or the general party membership. When, on occasion, democracy threatens to rise its head, it is quickly smothered.

Shortly before the Conservative's February leadership convention in Quebec, Rene Bourque, president of a Quebec City riding association, explained how he had pushed through a vote of 13 delegates pledged to support Claude Wagner. He called a meeting of leaders in a restaurant before the official association meeting and, by the time most of the riding association men had arrived at the voting hall, it was all over. The date was set. The only unusual thing about this arrangement was that it became public knowledge, after Bourque watched her allegations to House Majority in London Ontario when officers of the London West PC Association proposed to let party executives decide their leadership preference, all hell broke loose. Organizers of the upcoming Grouse convention voiced their concern the agenda of every candidate denounced the proceedings, and a storm hit us wrecked the very body politic. Considering the unwashed in just one day in Canada. Apparently we are one week George Mason, the American founding father who declared in 1787 that "It would be as natural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief magistrate to the people as it would be to order a man of colors to a blood man."

The Americans have come some way since 1787, faster than we. The primary system is worth a look, indeed, look for what it may mean to Canada in the choice of President and for what it can tell us about the leadership selection process.

The system was designed to give ordinary voters a voice in the naming of the man and woman who carry party banners to every election from city council to President. In the beginning, the American

assigned the heavy task of choosing the President (the office of most power to us) to electors, great and substantial men who were chosen in such state with no strings attached. They met locally, considered a list of prominent citizens and sent the results to headquarters. These early electors picked George Washington and John Adams, not a bad record. But with the growth of parties, in known James Michener notes, "The splendid original concept of men of high principle choosing to pass upon the credentials of those who might lead the nation had nearly degenerated into the practical maneuvering of party hacks to conform to the choice their party

had already made." That is one way to look at it. Another is to conclude that not all of America's wisdom was distilled in the first seven men who became electors. In any case, after 1800 it was the party, not the electors, that counted. In theory, the President is still elected by the electoral college, but in fact there have only been a handful of men who have elected electors out on his own and voted for someone other than the popular voter in his seat. In 1956 W.F. Turner of Alabama decided to vote for Aida Stevenson, started one his vote for a head judge. Stevenson was apparently said on "Sighs," according to Turner, who said, "I have fulfilled my duty."

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gation to the people of Alberta. "I'm talking about the white people.")

The party convention is now the key to power, and the party convention becomes it. But the conventions have always been open to passion, conspiracy and duplicity. "I don't care who does the electing," said William Miller Tupper, the Democratic boss of the 1860s, "as long as I do the electing."

To get around the corrupt bosses, the primary system was evolved, starting with the Wisconsin Presidential primary of 1890. Voters would select their choice for party leadership and the convention would, it was hoped, follow their lead. The idea was so obviously sound that, pushed by such progressives as Robert La Follette of Wisconsin, it spread rapidly. By 1916 there were Presidential primaries in 26 states. Not all the bugs were out, however. In 1920, after a spurt of series of primary states, the Republican convention became deadlocked between the backers of two able and attractive candidates—Louis Wood, former military governor of Cuba, and Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois. The convention then turned to Warren G. Harding, a man hard-core as a card horse, and a closet socialist, who converted the White House into a disaster area before he died mysteriously, in the midst of a state of corruption now called the Teapot Dome scandal. Progressives felt into despair and had little impact over the next two decades but then, beginning with Wendell Willkie's campaign in 1940, which showed how an outsider could challenge the establishment, they came back into vogue.

The trend toward primaries to be called "people power" was under way, and this year there will be Presidential primaries in 28 states and the District of Columbia. These primary states will pick three quarters of the delegates to the party conventions in July and August, the other quarter coming out of the caucus system (jokers meet in the precinct level to pick delegates for state and caucus conventions that in turn, select national delegates). Jimmy Carter got a rising start this year by winning 27% of the first precinct caucus vote in Iowa, even though substantially no more voters signed for his presidential delegates.

To add to the fun, the primary states held their votes on different dates and under a wide variety of rules. There are two major types of primary—"benedy caucus" and "delegated selection." Vermont held a benedy caucus primary; party members expressed a preference for president, but it merely advised the convention delegates; it wasn't binding on them. Florida held a delegate selection primary; the delegate vote will be divided on the first ballot roughly in accord with the primary results (then Carter will have 34 Florida delegates, Wallace 26 and Jackson 24, on the Republican side. Ford will have 40 delegates and Reagan 21). Some states combine both processes. In New Hampshire, voters chose delegates connected to candidates



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and at the same time voiced their views on the Presidency. In some states, everyone considered a likely contender is listed, whether he wants to be or not (Mama Tiddie was on the Florida ballot, and did

possibly because he hadn't campaigned in the state's health districts, only those who declare themselves are counted. Henry Jackson, general manager of the *Worcester Telegram*, says the effort to count all neighbors in Massachusetts "hasn't been a 'open' and 'closed' primary in any real sense, only previously registered party members could vote." But he adds that the vote tally is greatly influenced by those who vote Democrat or Republican and is hardly the appropriate basis for one state. Worcester voters can cross off the names of candidates from the ballot of any's candidates. In 1972, for instance, Worcester Republicans apparently voted heavily for George McGovern and Lindsay Wallace, perhaps because they were their own party's nominees. And finally, the state's voters are not required to "take sides" — otherwise put the record voters on all the delegates. In other words, some don't give all the delegates from that district to just one of the two ruling parties.

To this mishmash of rules is added another complication—money. New Hampshire, perhaps the most atypical American state—in, where poor, badly educated, vociferously red-neck—has become the nation's bellwether by dint of a state law setting the local primary one week ahead of anyone else. This ensures that, every Presidential year, New Hampshire is beset with reporters on hand to scold its straggly hills and craggy voters. It also ensures that William Lutz, publisher of the state's one influential paper, *The*

Manitowish Uncles Lesley, goes to dinner at an American politician's home with every four years. Loeb doesn't live in New Hampshire (his boss in Manitowish used to) in this century. Just the same, the gas station attendant in the town of New Bedford is "Jerry that sells," Henry Koeniger. Koeniger (the kink?) has been converted by the calendar into a frank, snarky and power-brokered link for the Midwest he abhors. He is a former *Newsweek* editor.

The drawbacks of the primary system are in short: money and manifest. Richard Mittal of the Christian Science Monitor was writing in print the other day: "One of the problems of the primary system in Canada, New and old," And William Miller, who ran for the presidency on the Galilean ticket, noted on television that the down-ballot ones like a kaffal roll.

One of the pigs in going to the President's inauguration is the fact that the system is about the highest prance available for the present arrangement appeared in a Washington column by Joseph Kraft. The issue of an electoral system more whether some actually picks the best candidate or get the best candidate is a matter of fact that it is the only thing that does not

tried lawyers to reach for their guns and head for the hills." The primaries pass the guerrilla warfare standard even if they fail the tests of unison action and electoral efficiency.

[illegible]

A system that can involve voters and candidates who know how Joe Clark will fare in an election and know the range of party manifestos is more reforming than the current system. Senator Robert Pickard, a Conservative member of the House of Commons, has introduced a proposal of calling for five regional primaries each to be held on a fixed day in the months leading up to the election. The rules would be uniform, and the results would be binding. The system would become a requirement. And a system that might be considered in Canada, where the postal party, leader, and especially that of prime minister, is becoming more and more important, is a single figure, we have to devote some attention to finding her for that, assembling 20,000 members to a convention hall and having for that time, Bill and Geoffrey the Tory in for Bill and Geoffrey the Liberal, and the Liberal (he did to before his death) in the party leadership circle but so far with little result. This is too bad. Canadians might actually estimate the American experience in the 1990s suggests a more open system, and a more open system to the Canadian conditions or a more open system to the Canadian conditions.

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The World

Rhodesia: the 'white man's burden' gets heavier and heavier

An ominous political storm continues to loom over southern Africa. One storm is engulfing white-ruled Rhodesia in imminent warlike. While Rhodesian troops skirmish almost daily with Mozambique-based insurgents, the pressure mounts on Prime Minister Ian Smith, now standing for life of emergency rule who has raised a deaf ear to his critics for more than a decade. Now even Smith's theoretical friends and allies in South Africa are demanding that he make a deal with the Rhodesian blacks, if only to prevent the expansion of a war every few months to include the proportions of another Vietnam.

Beginning with the 1974 coup in Portugal and the subsequent granting of independence to Mozambique and Angola, the Salisbury regime of Smith became suddenly vulnerable. The two former Portuguese colonies had acted as a buffer between the Rhodesian and independent black nations to the north. But with Angola now in the hands of a Sam-ba-led regime after a bloody civil war and with Mozambique joining itself to black Rhodesian guerrillas, Salisbury is caught in a pincer. The Kremlin's incursion with Africa, Washington's alarm about Russian intentions and Britain's deep determination to see majority rule established are further aspects of what is emerging as the world's number one trouble spot. For Rhodesia's 2,700,000 whites, who for 16 years have coped with United Nations sanctions and imminent international warping, the immediate prospect is bleak.

The recent closure of the 700-mile border with Mozambique, coupled with an escalating guerrilla war, put tremendous pressure on Smith to reach agreement with black nationalist leader Joshua Nkomo, a moderate politician by African standards who would have to rely heavily on the whites to retain any power he gains. So far, Smith hasn't budged, and the South Africans, among others, are becoming increasingly disillusioned with him. While the South Africans fear it that they will become embroiled in a war triggered by the imminent external war of Rhodesia's African National Council (ANC) front lines in safe Mozambique. "We just can't afford to get involved," said another military man in Pretoria. "It's a war we can't win. We don't want any part of it."

Although claims that there are more than 12,000 white soldiers in Mozambique are undoubtedly exaggerated, there is no doubt the guerrilla army is rapidly being built up. Mozambique's Foreign Minister Joaquim Chissano has denied that



Rhodesian women train for war, which becomes almost inevitable after South and Rhodes (below) failed in final negotiations



Cuba or are training the Rhodesian guerrillas, but there are Cuban and Russian military advisers on Mozambique, and Salisbury fears they could eventually become involved as they did in Angola. Western intelligence sources say the Russians are trying to separate the Chinese out as suppliers of arms to the external wing of the ANC. Russia has traditionally supported the Nkomo group as Rhodesia's two-way external split, but the Kremlin's position has been weakened by the Rhodesian's refusal from conceding that Nkomo can win a guerrilla war against either the whites or the increasingly more powerful external wing, which draws its support from Rhodesia's majority black population.

To counter the growing number of accusations from Mozambique, the Rhodesian government has stepped up border patrols and civilians are being trained their farmhouses into fortresses with government funds. Barring outside intervention

of the Anglian type, the Rhodesian whites can probably contain the black nationalists for several years. The Rhodesian troops are tough and efficient, and even the guerrillas acknowledge their skill. "We have to win it," said one prominent official in Lusaka. "They are good soldiers and they really believe in what they're doing." However, it is not in the permanent border country that white Rhodesia faces its biggest threat. It is in the gradual, creolized process of Salisbury's subjects. "When we can't afford it," said a senior Rhodesian official in Salisbury, "is a loss of white morale. If whites start leaving the country in large numbers, we are finished." There is no evidence yet of an Anglian or Mozambique type of exodus, but some whites are leaving. If the war gets tougher the trickle could turn into a flood.

Neither South Africa nor Britain is keen to handle a massive white exodus from Rhodesia, which is one reason both Whitehall and Pretoria are pressing Smith to settle with Nkomo. This argument is shot by a setting with Nkomo the whites in Rhodesia will do a lot to prevent their future interests while desiring Soviet designs. Nkomo is from the majority Mashikete tribe, which accounts for about 30% of the total black Rhodesian population of six million, and there seems little doubt that he would have to rely on the basically white police and army to retain power.

Salisbury's prospects appear dim when viewed from either side of the Zambezi River. Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda, one of the architects of the current negotiations is becoming increasingly

presentists. "We have consistently argued that the whites in Rhodesia to be eventually and accept a peaceful transfer of power to the majority," Kwaumba said recently. "But the whites in Zimbabwe (the African name for Rhodesia) have spared the land of Rhodesia, and freedom must now be achieved through the force of arms." Zimbabwe, currently suffering its most severe economic recession since independence more than a decade ago, is in urgent need of an end to economic turmoil. Rhodesia is a Mosi-quean pet state, and through Angola, to the Atlantic. But the Angles war has cut the Atlantic route and, with the Rhodesian border closed since 1975, nearly all Zimbabwe's imports and exports must go through the notoriously inefficient Transkeian port of Durban, South Africa. Zimbabweans are angry at the MPLA government of Angolans, partly because of concern over the communist Soviet and Cuban presence in Angola. "The Russians and the Cubans are Africa's new colonialists, and a government-sponsored newspaper recently wrote they are here to chase out the whites, as they claim but to kill Africans in order to impose their ideology on the continent," Zimbabwean Foreign Minister Roy Banda has said on a number of occasions that Zimbabwe would be only too happy to see the Cuban take out the South Africans in Namibia (South West Africa). "But they appear too frightened to do that. All they have done so far is kill Africans."

Although the Zimbabweans may be disappointed with the Cuban and Russian performance so far, there is growing evidence they have long-term plans for Namibia. According to diplomatic sources in Lusaka, the Soviet Union has offered to equip and train SWAPO (South West African Peoples Organization) guerrillas to compete in Angola. "The Russians realize that they can do much to enhance their standing in Africa by being closely identified with the liberation struggle in the southern tip of the continent," said one diplomat. "And they also realize that the white-ruled states of southern Africa are an acute embarrassment to the West, so there will be little Western resistance to Soviet involvement."

JERRY NEWELL

THE UK

Outing up on Downing Street

Although he currently heads Employment Secretary Michael Foot after the first ball, Foreign Secretary James (Sandy) J. Callaghan remained the bookies' favorite to win the Downing Street race and succeed Michael. And, as Britain's present premier, Alistair (Alick) Gordon, a political experience to draw on. Callaghan seemed the most comfortable choice for the 314 Labor vote could occur—and the men most likely to ease the British people out of the energy infatuation. And, currently, Callaghan was Wilson's own choice for the top job.

When hours of the first ballot results—



"This is certain Wilson speaking, June!"



Callaghan and Foot: In dubious battle

a majority of 154 is required. Foot garnered 99 votes in Callaghan's 84—the tide had narrowed from six to three. Callaghan's Denis Healey stubbornly stayed in the role. Although he had the first-round support of only 50 Callaghans, Sir Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, a central who scored 54 votes, and also-often Anthony Wedgwood Benn who got 37, voluntarily dropped out—in did Environment Secre-

tary Anthony Crosland, long men with IT. With Healey so far off the pace and in hot water with the party's left wing, the vote seemed set for a Callaghan-Foot showdown, possibly in a third ballot. It promised to be an ideological as well as a popularity contest between Foot, 62, the intellectual who has become the darling of Britain's left, and Crosland, 56, and Stanley J. A middle-of-the-road per-

The importance of being Tony Jones

Whether, either party would be happy-er, either remained highly uncertain, but there was little doubt about the way the Margaret and Tony they would end in a year. Jones drew two years from now. Close friends of the estranged couple say the present and Lord Jones will aid the far future rather than permanent separation. Under English law, after two years of marriage breakdown a divorce can be granted without the need of potentially embarrassing cross-examination.

Sometimes, when people people Down Under to call on Tony now, Jones to speed considerably more of his time in Australia, where he enjoys the informal life and where he has long been a resident. But he has long been a resident of the UK. "Australia is a little too far," he told reporters in Sydney. "I'd thought I would love to work here more. Anyway, I do not want to be too far from the children." Antony Armstrong-Jones, who he was before he married the Queen's sister, has always displayed a certain grace and charm—but never as effectively as during the trying days immediately after his separation from Margaret. But the first years. Despite aches, arthritis and a stroke, Armstrong-Jones managed to survive the ordeal of a tough press conference and later to read a moving statement



James II happens in the best of families

wishing Margaret happiness and reaffirming his love, affection and respect for the royal family. Margaret's marriage was enduring a soul-crushing from the British press and were very for being a "do-nothing princess" and for young holiday companion. Lady Elizabeth had given no indication for Tony the future was clear if not sure. "I shall continue to work as a publicist, photo-grapher and journalist. I do not have very much money, and I have never accepted any from the British

DAVID MATTHEW F. HARRIS

tioned, according to a poll in London's Daily Mirror by the bulk of the population. When Foot is a relative newcomer elevated to the cabinet as a ministerial by Wilson since 1974 and immediately successful in winning seats against that of the new Prime Minister, Callaghan has held all three top cabinet jobs—Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary and now the foreign portfolio. Foot was brilliant, an economist who who has belatedly Britain's decade for two generations. Callaghan is a tough but amiable school dropout who went to work at 15 to help support his widowed mother.

Whether the British public's preference, it has no say. Unlike the civil service and political parties in Canada, Labor does not elect its own leader when choosing a leader. The matter is left to the caucus. However, Wilson has long known how to manipulate Labor caucuses, and there was every reason to believe he was drawing new members to him. He had reached "an irreversible decision" to stand down was timed to help Callaghan and Sir Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, 59, and to appeal to the same constituency, but in recent weeks Healey has been more vocal about the party's policy. Healey has been more vocal about the party's policy. Healey has been more vocal about the party's policy.

As far as Wilson, who was a second time elected and served as Prime Minister a total of eight years, resignation came as a relief. He had been planning it since 1974 and had even told several close friends all of whom kept the secret. His advisers, often overwhelmed by his emotions, were impressed: George Brown, the Commons Speaker, was reluctant, getting organized labor to back his "social contract" to create stability, helping Britain adjust from their long accustomed role as global power-brokers. Now he appears to the back benches healthy and happy still.

IAN MATTHEW

ARGENTINA

Argentine go, one of the best

"Come with us please," the president "I am not emigrating, the president" "Come with us please"

There was still there were no hysteria no two-man grandstanding. Isabel Peron showed the soldiers to take away the total picture she was going to accept. The waiting high-ranking officers to the airport of the Jorge Newbery Military Airport in Buenos Aires. It was not a clock in the morning, neither less than in honor. Isabel was on route to El Mirador, a military installation in the province of Cordoba, and her second-best officer was over.

Argentines are conspirators of military corps and they were quick to join the "Operation Argent" a theatrical propaganda. In the early hours of March 24, hundreds of tanks and troops arrived in the country to the army's capital Buenos Aires and other big cities. Public

buildings were quietly occupied and soldiers in full battle dress took up strategic points. By the time Argentines evoked the country was in a state of chaos in the hands of the armed forces. Scarcely a shot was fired. Within hours most members of Isabel Peron's military regime were under arrest. The soldiers' ruling firm was strengthened soon discovered evidence of the astonishing majority of the fallen regime. The social welfare ministry continued an arrest, used by the military. Triple-A's fiscal squad, responsible for hundreds of partly convicted in the headquarters of the Metal Workers' Union, a violently pro-labor organization, serious implications were feared.

Seizing control of Argentina was all in a day's work for the armed forces. They have had plenty of practice having overthrown three other governments in the past 60



years, a ruler for discipline and clean living. He is expected to impose his personality on Argentinean life.

Once in power, the armed forces began bombarding the population with decrees, some sounding ominous. But few were worried. Things were made by previous military regimes but nobody was executed or even jailed for very long. The general feeling, in fact, is that the country has taken a healthy leap into the unknown but that things will return to normal with the three nation years of Peron's hegemony little more than a shameful memory. It is quietly assumed that the junta will show more respect for civil liberties than the elected has hopelessly corrupt politicians and corrupt government agencies of Isabel's era. But there is however a serious fear of the junta. As



Peron and Vidal: He's been ruling on his own and when it comes to the transfer of power, worst quality

side including two of them who are governing the farthest corner of a something like the most difficult. Argentines have seen military rulers march in with high hopes before only to give up soon as a guarded welfare. Nobody moved the depravity of Isabel. An opposition party has been formed, the first since 1974. "The government had been dead for months." The corps had to be called away, that was all.

The junta would little time in getting down to work. Tank engines were still warm when the three armed forces commanders went to meet in the morning of the coup. All three are relatively young: Army General Jorge Rafael Videla and Navy Admiral Emilio Massera are 51, while Air Force Brigadier Orlando Aguero is 46. Videla, the most powerful because he leads the most powerful force, is very much the professional sol-

dier, a ruler for discipline and clean living. He is expected to impose his personality on Argentinean life. Once in power, the armed forces began bombarding the population with decrees, some sounding ominous. But few were worried. Things were made by previous military regimes but nobody was executed or even jailed for very long. The general feeling, in fact, is that the country has taken a healthy leap into the unknown but that things will return to normal with the three nation years of Peron's hegemony little more than a shameful memory. It is quietly assumed that the junta will show more respect for civil liberties than the elected has hopelessly corrupt politicians and corrupt government agencies of Isabel's era. But there is however a serious fear of the junta. As

JAMES NEWELL

You too can be the heavyweight champion-if you send your boxtops in!

Sports column by Jerry Gladman



If anybody asks me, I've got to rate the Canadian Professional Boxing Association a shoo-in to cap this year's Mel Brooks' Good Humor award—for naming the most ridiculous Canadian heavyweight boxing attraction since George Chuvalo's shakedown of one Hugh Merrett some 12 years ago. Last September, the crew decided to use George not from under his nose. After all, the 38-year-old Chuvalo hadn't put his title on the line since '73, made twice more in the ring for two years than he was getting, and with good reason: everybody in the fight game knew three wasn't been a legitimate contender since he and Montreal's Robert Cormier traded the title back and forth in the early Sixties. Oh, yeah, forget about Merrett. He's the chap who was knocked out fighting Chuvalo as his very first pro bout. Manager told him George was a cream puff. Merrett boxed less than a round, which was 30 seconds longer than the manager made out when he said Merrett singled in the losing round.

Since then Chuvalo has deflected the title into the air. He went 12 with Jean Claude Roy, an oak tree from Quebec, in 1966, and demolished Tony Burni in one round in 1972. But what promoter in his right mind was going to come up with the bread for a bout featuring Chuvalo against a nobody (Pretty Boy) Peloton? (He Paul (The Investment) Horowitz or (a) Phil (Hoo-Hoo) Gendron? No one would bid the fight in Chuvalo's backyard and arrange a Canada Council grant to pay the prize.)

A few months past some miscreants from a house anyone was prepared to stage a contest between Chuvalo and Peloton. Pretty Boy, whose last serious encounter was a shakedown in the main line a few hundred shaves, only wanted two million dollars. Parliament Hill and Gregg's only

Chuvalo, Gendron and Peloton in tag George's valiant effort, a sensation of the heavyweight top to in my life last

laughter up last. For some reason, the men fell through. But he told this in the ring. These guys figured (each) wanted to put on a title fight; it had to be Chuvalo's fight. So they gave him the loss and set up a fight for the Eastern Canadian Heavyweight Championship. There really is no such animal in the Eastern Canadian heavyweight, but the crew wanted it.

Anyway, there are three fellows in Toronto known as the infamous Baginette brothers, who look after the interests of Horst Horowitz, a six-foot-six giant arguably nicknamed Hoo. His way to be called Hoo until such time as he becomes Somebody. Unfortunately, I've forgot to add a few names and the name was changed to Hoo. That, too, can be excused. Hoo been a striking presence since the late Don Blasko, of Blue Carriacou fame on the Bluegrass strip. That Hoo at least was a somebody. These some Baginette or one time also looked

after the affairs of Paul (The Investment) Horowitz, who won his mandate when the Baginette lashed 50 Toronto businessmen into throwing money in his. After losing several bouts and an interest in training, he became a poor investment. He and the Baginette brothers parted company.

Unfortunately, by the time the disgraced George got his title, the only two looking heavyweights in Eastern Canada were Hoo and The Investment—unless you count Pretty Boy Peloton, also a work of the Baginette and his string of losses left him not so pretty (Now he's merely cute. And wants too much money.) Before you could say Jimmy Nobody—another Baginette kid who was—the brothers weren't anxious of the match and headed into Gary Clapton, also promising the fight. Now Clapton, who also happens to be The Investment's manager, is no dummy. So he took a hall at the Royal York Hotel. That was the end of it. It is a rare and available and the atmosphere has been clear, an accident-prone meeting in the Eastern Canadian Heavyweight Championship.

You had to be there to believe it. There hasn't been a gathering of this sort since the Mafia congress at Appollonia. A mad by the cops would have whittled the crowd to half. There were some witnesses in the side who took people. One recently returned from a year in Montreal in Mexico (Monsieur, admitted knowing his Parker Pen from a reporter. The man money was not The Investment. But one neglected to tell Paul (Who) George to note. Hoo a mere wing of his former self at 255 pounds, cracked his smaller (about 245-pound) opponent into a wall in two, then three rounds. And was declared Eastern Champion. Now, unless Chuvalo brings a fight within 60 days. Hoo will meet the Western Champion and the winner will be declared sole hero to the throne. It's unlikely Chuvalo's money business interests will let him take time to work his 360-pound frame into Olympic form. The word is he'll probably see light again.

Meanwhile, the Baginette are so confident George will remain as the addition that they have sent an offer to the Western Champion, one George Brown, to give him one to settle their score. Now just to give you an idea of fighter's capabilities, the only "known" fighter he has beaten is Hugh Merrett. Remember him? Just that. If Hoo defies Hoo, he'll be in the same position. Forget it. No one to fight. Next you (the one) might be stepping him of the title. Sluggish? That's still his.

Business

Horatio Alger is alive and well, and living in Calgary

Rob Brown is no vague a blue-eyed devil. Neither does he have bumper stickers that say these Eastern boxtops to go to live in the dark. But he does give a cow-country sheep every time gasoline prices soar. As he sees it, rising gas prices put constant on us (baggy men) con-complexes, said, in Western Canada, post-poning motor vehicles on the big end and big line that say, "GO TO THE LANE. Last year, they rang up sales of \$44 million for Calgary-based Turbo Resources Limited and in less than five years, Brown hopes, they'll double. Turbo was the start of Canada's first 100 corporations. Turbo, in Brown is quick to admit, isn't in the same old patch in the mainstream, but it is the first publicly owned oil company to be completely Canadian, and, with sales rising 50% annually, it seems well on its way to becoming the most successful private oil company.

If the goal is ambitious, said Brown, an aggressive 30-year-old who has already poured a bankroll of money into a partnership with 255-dollars service stations, a fleet of 25 tanker trucks plus an expanding exploration program that will involve him in 30 wells this year. Brown likes to peg Turbo's beginnings to 1978, when the company went public, but he was one of the top 100 in the world when he left his job as a real estate broker to take over apparently doomed Turbo Oil Ltd. which had been in the debt-ridden business of recycling industries and had gone into receivership. Brown named his company's technical image, but it was a straight funding customer. In those energy-abundant years, nobody worried about diversifying out of oil. Petroleum only made headlines when such participation in the Turkey-Congo and the Arctic exploration and oil and wanted their cargo into the sea, reaching oil companies that cost millions.

At one point, Brown—professor that he is—said and a question is—was usually answered. In 1977, post-oil, an agency estimated that 79 million gallons of oil could be recovered from 30 million gallons of waste oil from service stations, truck fleets, industrial, airports, businesses and farms by filtering and chemically treating the used product. Instead, used oil was dumped wastefully, burned to fuel an oil refinery or gravel roads when it was used in the water in the petroleum crop.

Brown insists that even in 1985 prices for used recycled lubricants and such still less than new oil, but he's not sure that was the case. He's been recycling for oil in the same old Turbo opened up



Gasoline ally, western-style Turbofil

Seating guests served him Canada, dependent on lubricants imported from the United States was caught short when the Americans switched production to oils they needed more. As lubricant prices climbed, Canadian started looking for ways to encourage and oil recycling because respectable Turbo now takes much in a day as it did in an earlier first year and the Edmonton plant has grown from three to 30 employees.

Although Brown held recycling with a monopoly's aid, he didn't spend all his 20-hour work week on that. One project Three years after he borrowed 1200 000 to acquire Guardian, he swapped stock for service Pay-N-Save service stations, an Edmonton discount chain, and had some chewed up a jangle of independent discounters and put them under one brand name. Since then—mostly through stock sales—he's gathered in a couple of industrial recycling companies, a few oil and gas fields, some private real estate and a fleet of tankers and expanded operations into Saskatchewan, Manitoba and so. "We've small portions in the petroleum field. We've got a lot of going on, but there's a lot of opportunity. The only limit is our ability to raise capital and the prejudice in the financial field to Western companies."

In the old world Turbo is still something of a maverick, even though it has settled into a good flow of a downtown Calgary office building and has had advisory contractual management premises. It is unlikely he'll be in a covered garage with

enough to span the rest of the industry's vision in the marketing and instead of the usual production oil, would have been Turbo's only now planning a \$35-million Edmonton refinery that will reduce its somewhat embarrassing dependence on the major oil companies for its gasoline supplies. And, unlike other oil companies, Turbo's executives were gathered up with the merged companies a steady under-40 group of independents who made their mark outside any system.

Brown insists it's not easy, but using his help, Turbo has enough sense to its own advantage. The market for recycled oil is now around "It's probably the only way Canada can meet its requirements for the future. Basically, the supply of new oil just isn't there anymore." And nobody expects gasoline prices to drop again. When Brown began in, there was perhaps a one-cent spread between discounters and brand brands. Now the difference can be 10-15 cents. That's enough to "make the bottom-making, the trade by, why the conversion?" the major sales is installed in customers, says Brown. And if enough make their way to Turbo "Well," he says expressively, "we might have important of these days." Success in Calgary

Pushy and the prince

While the look-alike payoff sounds are having little effect on Canada's use for parking, currently lengthy cabinet talks over the powers of the Ontario patrol search, the very fabric of Dutch control is slowly being strangled by the rapping past by allegations of bribes given and ac-



Queen Juliana, Bernhard and the "ghost of present past" more skeletons

cepted by Prince Bernhard. The normally conservative Netherlands press has turned on the Lockheed affair (involving sales of Starfighter jets) and used it as a case for probing the old duke's personal and financial dealings and, in the process, has leveled charges of other bribes and a love life more varied to the fifth than the 20th century. Among these revelations:

• Bernhard has been implicated in a \$10 million "payoff" made 25 years ago to Juan Peron of Argentina just shortly after Peronism officially to speed the purchase of \$100 million in Dutch-made military cars. As reported by the Amsterdam daily *De Telegraaf*, Bernhard helped convince the deal (the bribe was approved by both the government and the Dutch State Bank) by charming up Peron's wife, Evita, presenting her with a Dutch decoration and giving her a generous portion of \$12,000 in gems and jewelry. The bribe was deposited in Peron's private Swiss bank accounts.

• The Prince has undertaken chivalric friends. Among those listed as members of the 1001 Club (a group which has contributed maximum \$10,000 each to the World Wildlife Fund) which Bernhard headed is a wide infusion of businessmen notorious for their shady practices. At least one member is currently in jail. Only once has the club included a member and that was Robert Wilco, the L. S. multimillionaire, implicated in the *Enron*—the money was returned.

• Bernhard is a widely spread and uncontested story by *De Telegraaf* is reported to have had an affair with Helene "Pony" Gonda, 33 daughter of a Swiss physician and sister of former French army champion Jean-Noel Gonda. Part of the Lockheed payments the Prince is alleged to have received is said to have been paid to Pony for the upkeep of her nine-year-old daughter. Another rumored to be the Prince's child.

• The weekly *Pag Nieuwland* has pub-

lished a report by the Dutch prosecutor of the (r.v.) accusing Bernhard of planning a night-wing coup immediately after World War II. It was ordered to have a wartime contact with his brother, Archduke, an ex-officer just working at New York's Metropolitan Museum, and his Nieuwspolier brother, Prince Aartman Aartman.

• Lockheed officials have said to seven instances that between 1960 and 1962 Prince Bernhard was paid \$1.2 million through Swiss representatives, although this was denied by Lockheed's European representative, Fred Meier.

• Lockheed paid a close friend of Prince Bernhard, Hans Gortius, \$10,000 a year as a special consultant, although he knew very little about aircraft. "The Americans came to me because they were told I was a consultant here and that I had good contacts," he told French journalist Anthony Sarrasin.

Investigating these allegations as a three-man government-appointed commission dubbed the "three wise men." But there are three men of unimpeachable Dutch of the commissioners is Meier, Holberg who was president of the Dutch National Bank at the time the bribe was paid to Peron and other Argentinians. He is assumed to have approved the transaction. The commission has passed on to its report of the charges leveled against him and is expected to have been granted full access to the Lockheed documents, passing the dagger to Bernhard.

Even experienced professors and legal experts have joined the series of Bernhard cases, pointing out that a guilty Prince would not be liable to prosecution since the bribe were considered (like some 30 years ago) and are therefore subject to the statute of limitations. "Even if Lockheed bribery accusations can't be proved the Prince's close friendship with Lockheed's European sales manager Fred Meier is enough to damn him," says constitutional

expert William Verbeke. Meier has been the central character in the question of European bribes. An ex-ambassador and former KLM employee, he became Lockheed's director for Europe, Africa and the Near East, based in Switzerland, in 1954. It was Meier who recruited Gortius, a former Olympic shot, underdogged leader, and member of a club of resistance men in which the Prince was active. He also chose an old friend, Hubert Winkler, an international lawyer and Swiss banker, as his chief lawyer and legal man. Meier went head-on with Lockheed's success in selling to Starfighter jet "was in no small measure due to Winkler's expert consulting and behind-the-scenes juggling of deals. Winkler even did Hubert appear as a pro for the support of Lockheed's interests, practically all of his consecutive work was done discreetly and secretly."

Gortius and his friend the Prince were also involved in another scandal, involving, Northrup Aircraft. In 1971, a Northrup source reveals, the company wanted to have a new consultant in The Netherlands and at first thought were to ask Bernhard's advice. The chief job of the consultant would be to lobby Dutch politicians.

The three-man commission is due to make its final report on the Bernhard allegations for another two months and in the meantime the Prince is maintaining a low profile. He has canceled a month-long visit to Latin America planned for April. The official reason is that he must stay at home to and the "three wise men." Unofficially, the government has persuaded him to stay out of the spotlight. King Gustaf of Sweden has canceled his late-appeal visit to The Netherlands ostensibly because of his upcoming wedding to Silvia Sommerath, Regent, a date for a new visit has yet to be fixed.

While Bernhard has not been forced publicly officially, the Dutch press has conducted him of another crime: destroying the reputation of one of Europe's last monarchs. "His friends are in general in disgrace, making some in circles, trying to escape the attacks," concludes one major weekly.

A multinational flaccid

It was going to be a sweeping warning to the future of international finance. The Dutch press treated its daily correspondents and press releases with the same attention reserved for the end of an old order and the coming of a new one. But the second session of the United Nations Commission on Transnational Corporations never quite worked out that way. Winkler does with his briefcase full of documents and waited from bond speeches that often appeared intended for home industries, delegates and shareholders from 41 countries went home after 12 days in Lima's stuffy summer heat with little more than a promise to really get down to business next time.

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Gentleman universally made easy, they, did the multinationals have a deal for there

The work at hand had been relatively simple. The 44-member commission, formed by the US Economic and Social Council in 1974, intended at its second meeting to establish the ground rules by which the power of the huge multinationals could be discussed—and, someday limited. But the hours of discussion and urgent meetings—many of them behind closed doors—kept delegates bouncing from topic to theme or vice versa in a classic U.N. fashion. After one such session, the normally placid countenance of Barry Stern, Canada's principal representative, turned grim. "We've just spent two hours discussing whether to add 'like' or 'or' in a clause."

At the first meeting of the commission, held in March 1975 at its headquarters in New York, delegates proposed the creation of measures giving nations some control over transnationals for the first time. Among them were a code of conduct and an information center to provide regular reports on the activities and scope of the multination-dollar conglomerates. The Centre on Transnational Corporations began work five months ago under the direction of Klaus A. Sahlgren of Finland, but the code of conduct is still at least two years away—and, if some informed sources are to be believed, as much as 10 years away. Central to this year's conference was the role of the "Group of 77" developing nations (now expanded to 100) who had obviously the most to gain from a unified front against the transnational movement in a 25-year period between 1955 and 1980, according to statistics released at the conference, multinationals took some \$13 billion out of Latin America alone in an

initial investment of \$3.6 billion. "We just can't let this go on," said Edward Valdes, leader of Peru's delegation and the elected chairman of the session. "The transnationals have become super states and they dominate the decision-making power of all countries, but especially the Third World."

Peru, host to the conference, was particularly pleased to occupy center stage. Its campaign of nationalization of large foreign-owned mining and resource companies since its 1968 military coup has made it a voice worth listening to. The country is also a partner in the Andean Community Market group, whose "Agreement 24," concerning commercial movement, has been regarded as a model for the Third World. But Peru's call for an international code that would be legally binding on the multinationals met with studied coolness from industrialized nations as well as from members of the developing bloc. India and Argentina, for example, are among a group of countries who reject the technology the multinationals can provide and are hesitant about eliminating the overseas subsidiary. The delegates finally settled for a compromise solution that established a working international group charged with dealing as a whole for the Code of Conduct before next year's session. The final approved proposal, regarded as an indication of the developing awareness' willingness to bargain, carefully left for future sessions the most divisive issues such as the corruption and bribery disclosures of recent months and the definition of a transnational.

Industrialized nations must need a soft profile as the conference was conscious of their susceptibility to charges that they were breeding growth of international monopolies. One industry Japanese delegate

confided: "We would like to meet with the Group of 77, but they won't let us. They don't trust us." The most surprising speech of the two-week meeting was the proposal by U.S. delegate Seymour Kassin, a law professor from American University in Washington, for an international agreement to limit corrupt practices. He demanded that payments, commissions and gifts from international transactions be made public, and called for equal punishment for those who accepted as well as those who bribed. "The United States is second to no country in its efforts to reveal and eliminate corrupt international practices," he said. The U.S. initiative managed to steal some of the thunder from delegates who had spent long hours on the floors of Latin's notorious Cerveza Conference room, denouncing in general terms the multinationals' exploitation of their workers. "It was brilliant!" said Nigerian delegate Ebo Abacha. "And it left a lot of people wondering what to say next."

Canada's three-man delegation headed by Barry Stern, Ambassador to Beirut, found it natural allies in the industrialized countries, although it portrayed itself as a reviewer that had been at the same time a victim of multinational corporations and a base for them. "We want to make sure things are done properly," said Stern, "otherwise they'll never get done at all." But the sounds of meetings and debates, while they had their moments—the nearby Sheraton Hotel, where many of the delegates stayed, was a quasi-national staff, but, as one delegate pointed out, with Canadian money—had at least one thing to commend them. "The challenge of this conference," explained a Lebanese official, "was not to be broken up on issues that people could walk out on. I think we met the challenge." STEPHEN HANDELMAN

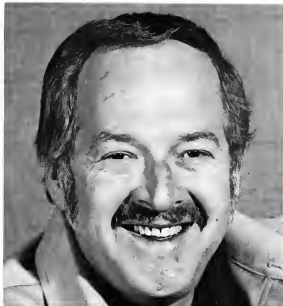
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Education

O Can-a-da, ignored and unknown land

In the Arctic, Eskimos are developing cancer at twice the rate of other Canadians, but minimal university health research is underway to discover why. In Canadian universities, a mere 85 of the literature courses involves the study of Canadian work. Canadian geologists failed to produce a complete map of Newfoundland until 1967, although they've been charting Africa and Peru for decades. These examples—and hundreds more—are sprinkled throughout the recently released Report of the Commission on Canadian Studies, a daunting 258-page indictment of Canadian post-secondary institutions for failing to tackle Canadian problems, needs and hopes. The product of three years of hearings held at 87 campuses across the country, 1,000 briefs and more 34,000 letters,

culture, problems and circumstances." The blame, according to commission chairman The Honourable Seymour Chaskin, lies on the underfunded, disorganized private foundations and even the general public: the 45-year-old brown says, seem far more interested in Canada than university administrators and teachers, many of whom resented such interference, hostility in outright hostility when confronted with Canadian concerns. In their zeal to promote international scholarship, departments leads in dozens of disciplines have actively discouraged young faculty and graduate students overseas to probe the Canadian perspective. Says Seymour: "They're made to feel they're jeopardizing their whole career by choosing Canadian studies."

Inevitably, reference to the Seymour report is mixed. Says Carleton University president Dr. Michael Olner, "It's a very good piece of work, but I don't find anything he says all that shocking. I just don't find it Canadian that we don't know more about ourselves than we do." But Simon Fraser University president, Paul H. Jones, praises the document as the "first comprehensive statement that something has to be done. I can't help feeling that those not already convinced that this must have become so increasingly, the division in universities is to explore Canadian studies."

For Seymour, founding president of Trent University and now chairman of the Ontario Human Rights Commission, the need for Canadian studies is obvious: virtually every field. From environmentalists who'd begun using principles of the Arctic, economists suddenly should be examining Canada's resource management. "It's a matter of saving. Is there a reasonable balance? And is society every area of academic endeavor, the balance of Canadian content is not now reasonable."

But Seymour can't easily balance concern on for the predicament, he also expects there is value in. Although some of the 395 specific recommendations urge governments and foundations to boost funding and interest in Canadian projects, his principal theme is that universities must now launch a serious probe of their own attitudes and individual curricula—and their role in the situation. The final few solutions of his report, that this fall, will probably contain controversial recommendations to centralize the skyrocketing flow of foreign faculty. "The excuse for inaction is poor," he says. "There's too much pressure from students, from faculty, from the general public. The situation will have to change." **ANDREW**



Seymour for many pairs of self-neglect

the report says that Canada's concerns are treated with "absolute neglect" by its universities, and concludes: "Few other countries in the world with a developed post-secondary educational system pay so little attention to their own

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Environment

Once Britannia ruled the waves, but now it's not so simple

The current round of United Nations Third Law of the Sea Conference, which opened in New York last month, must be the most horrendous labyrinth of law, negotiation and pure power politics ever convened by man or machine. At its simplest, it is the largest multinational conference in history: 146 nations trying to reorganize the management of the planet's last frontier. The world has coasted on the promise of "freedom of the seas" since the early 17th century, the problem today is that sea country's freedom is frequently another's pollution—or, like Maritime law, have become so contradictory that one, off-outraged sea international law must rewrite itself for the first time. Complexity has something to lose—fish, marine life and several jobs along the forgotten coastline in the U.S. To prevent those same risks, it has announced a "cardinal" philosophy of the sea: that no-one is ever capable of protecting marine environments that coastal states accepted by national economic zones stretching 200 miles into the sea.

The facts required to sell this position are handled by John Aiken, British MP, Canada's ambassador to America and deputy leader of the conference delegates. (General Affairs Minister Aiken, Michaelson in the command head) The boyishly handsome, informal Britisher (he's been known to appear in a t-shirt) is a stark contrast to most "big game" men. It is also chairman of the conference's drafting committee, charged with actually writing the new law. The result is a civil servant, friendly given up to the status of a diplomat in a Victoria for five years before moving to Ottawa. "I never really wanted to be anything but a diplomat," he says. After three years posting in Tel Aviv and Geneva, he returned to Ottawa and in 1971 became legal adviser to the Department of External Affairs, just when Canada's Arctic situation was changing. A year earlier parliament had passed the Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act, extending its territorial sea from the traditional three miles (the distance of an old cannon shot) to 12 miles and pollution jurisdiction 200 miles in the Arctic. The treaty was not successful. The 1966 discovery of oil and gas in Prudhoe Bay convinced what the world recently supposed that Canada's position was based on wealth (a rare resource wealth in an respect for Arctic ecology says Beasley. "I had to open a special thing cabinet for protest notes."

Beasley, sitting up on the beach

The same came mainly from traditional Maritime powers—the United States, Great Britain and France—which had the power and wealth to push from "freedom of the seas" Russia's expansionist Canadian's legislation. It was soon to their own undisputed claim to the North East Passage, but elsewhere stood firm with the United States in advancing unconditional rights of passage through international straits. Canada's position is that the North West Passage has never been an internationally recognized waterway.

Shortly after the sea was passed, Beasley, John Chisholm, then Minister of Northern Development, and others were invited to spend an informal weekend at Oxford, England with top-level British and American, chatting about the Arctic. In that historic atmosphere of thirty years and old books, the forgotten began to melt Canada's rigidity. The Canadians were losing some of it. Apparently, the silence was bowing, but thereafter Canada's Arctic position was taken a lot more seriously.

One problem of this sea agreement is the environment. Unless something drastic is done soon, predicts Norman, the ocean will be dead in 30 years. If the oceans die, so does man. The link is phytoplankton, tiny organisms that generate half the planet's oxygen. When the sea dies, it's through the air of the clouds to them they die. And so goes the food chain.

In New York, Canada is claiming the resources of the continental shelf (it extends 600 miles in some places) and protection of the endangered Atlantic salmon. "But," says Beasley, "we always accepted that countries that voluntarily joined in those waters should be entitled to the salmon." The dispute the lighter act is revealing the depths of the issue and landlocked countries, who think that is too much work. Canada's fisheries who think it's not enough. Although percentages are still unfavourable, the government has agreed to share with poorer nations revenue from resources found between the end of the 200-mile economic zone and the edge of the continental shelf—regulated by a UN Seabed Authority. The poorer countries are lobbying for a stronger authority to further rights they can't support with power. The powerful want the freedom to keep what they have. "Unless we are making developments in the sea," says Beasley, "it simply isn't predictable that all the complexities of the living resources also be managed by an international authority. We may come to this, but in the meantime something has to be done to stop ocean pollution and it's our view that coastal states have the greatest interest in coastal management."

Speculation on the freedom of the seas involves will. Will nations be able to criminalize the poorest regulations set by the end of the upcoming session (May 17)? Will a new line of the sea make any difference?



Says Dr. Arvid Forske, the former Michigan ambassador to the UN, "any agreement will be so watered down it will be virtually unenforceable." But, counters Beasley, "in any system of law, any right carries with it an obligation. The difficulty about the law of the sea is not that rights were afforded, but no obligations, no duties. This made it a sort of free-for-all for major powers. We think these days are over." **MEGAN MEHREZ**

Trouble on the wire

Back in 1972, at an international electrical congress in Paris, Soviet researchers viewed the West with results of a 10-year study of Western exposure to high-voltage transmission lines. Long-term exposure to electromagnetic fields, the Russians reported, slowed speech and response mechanisms, impaired visual performance and adversely affected the cardiovascular and central nervous system. Initially sceptical, power companies in the United States and Europe immediately launched their own studies. Last month in Albany, New York, in a hall before the state's Public Service Commission, two prominent American scientists indirectly confirmed the Soviet findings—and added to them.

The commission, an autonomous body with final powers of arbitration, is using applications from those same utility companies to construct a 765-kv line to the Quebec border, to pick up power from James Bay. But based on the evidence presented, the publicly appointed body may have ample reason to deny the applications. According to Drs. Robert Reicher and Andrew Mervin, both of Syracuse Veterans' Administration Hospital, fields generated by high-voltage lines act in biological systems. "Since all living organisms have their own electrical control systems, and are linked directly to nature's electric and magnetic fields, any prolonged increase in the natural field strength produces stress." Taken one step further, their research suggests that people living along high-voltage right-of-way may eventually suffer symptoms already recorded under lab conditions: hypertension, hormonal imbalances, and changes in metabolism. Other equally eminent researchers noted that electromagnetic fields may suppress the function of cardiac pacemakers.

So far, the only Canadian utility to take notice of the findings has been Hydro-Quebec. On behalf of the American province, the corporation sent consultant Louis Cohen to testify that at 10 years of experience with extra-high-voltage transmission (and some 2,500 miles of 735-kv lines), Hydro-Quebec had yet to notice any serious complaints. But, cautioned Mervin, "I feel that an argument is somewhat just because the public is not complaining about the depletion of electromagnetic energy or the contamination of waterbodies by chlorinated hydrocarbons doesn't mean it's not happening." **GLOUCESTER**



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south had failed to make it easier to breathe as well. Schreyer was ruled as hospital—yet another victim of North America's most recent epidemic, gallstones.

Doctors used to describe gallbladder patients as fat, fat, fat and old. Not any more. Now, people of all ages (especially those such as Schreyer in their early sixties) are developing the illness in astonishing numbers. Gallbladder operations in Ontario doubled in the decade between 1966-71 and gallbladder surgery now ranks as the most common abdominal operation in the country, more common than either hernia or appendicitis.

Many nutritional experts blame the increase on North American diets, arguing that refined foods (especially white bread and dry breakfast cereals) provide too little roughage, too many chemical additives and stirring amounts of sugar. After extensive animal studies, Bristol University's Dr. Kenneth Hunter concludes that diets of refined carbohydrates (such as ordinary sugar) suppress bile salt production and cause gallstone formation. Significantly, where there's diet is less of refined foods (among Japanese, Eskimos and Miss Tambora), the disease rates are low.

Still, there is growing feeling within the medical community that many gallbladder operations are unnecessary. Canadian records show six times as many operations as in Western Europe—though incidence of the disease is increasing at the same rate. Says Dr. Randolph Desjardins, of Winnipeg's St. Boniface Hospital, "Diagnostic facilities are better in North America. It's most likely we will find gallstones simply because we look harder. Sometimes I've opened up a patient's abdomen, only to find, leading to the 'silent gallstone' operation."

Compared to other major surgery, the cholecystectomy (including removal of both gallbladder and the debilitated sac) is fairly simple. The most likely rate is less than 1% and complications are rare (0% to 10% in Canada). Neither is the fee exorbitant: surgery is set at \$400 and Ontario gives a maximum \$225 for a half-hour operation. Since the gallbladder's function is to store bile used to break down fats, it is—like the appendix—widely regarded as an expendable organ.

But there may soon be a radical decrease in the number of cholecystectomies as it is replaced, term with cholecystectomy and (shortly) a relatively common bile salt. U.S. researchers have demonstrated its ability to dissolve gallstones in two thirds of all cases. Now Winnipeg's Desjardins—the only Canadian physician permitted by law to treat patients with these "bile-banishers"—done blood re-permises involving some 60 subjects and eight similar studies are underway in the United States. One possible roadblock to the treatment is Desjardins' home care effects on the flow. Says Desjardins, "I know of no other place. Now we're looking for a place to do what I think for." **BYRON WARD**

Justice

Is the right to publish a right to lynch?



Victim Duthie, Bennett and Flanagan are not so simple case of the right to be tried vs. "the public's right to know"

An uneasy truce has always existed between the public's right to know and an individual's right to a fair trial. Now, in the wake of a controversial trial in Ottawa, that precarious balance is showing signs of coming unstuck. The sparring began a year ago, when the city agreed to report that Ottawa police had ordered an alleged murder prosecution, may, representing under the guise of two two-year modeling agencies (the boys, aged 11 to 17, were said to have been recruited and trained)—in fact ranging from \$15 to \$100 an hour—more than 200 conscripts. "It's the most-watched case we have investigated for some time," claimed Ottawa police superintendent Tom Flanagan. Daily, for two weeks, the department's consensual press conferences to announce charges—ranging from gross indecency to conspiracy—against a total of 16 conscripts. The investigation, according with a group of two to three modeling agencies, is body rubs, unwatched nude publicity in local newspapers (radio and tv, among, adoptions and surreptitious of the secret were freely—and frequently—reported. Many subsequently lost their jobs.

But 13 months later, not one of the accused conscripts has been jailed or fined. One, a 16-year-old boy, had committed suicide by jumping from his 17-story apartment building hours after appearing in

court. Some claims that provided witness statements were later changed themselves and their statements used as evidence against them. In two cases, charges were withdrawn and laid again in the same day. Says Ottawa defense lawyer Leonard Shore, "The pressure on the police and Crown to get convictions was tremendous, particularly in light of all the publicity."

Charges of gross indecency against one of Shore's clients, former television reporter George Duthie, were squashed when the prosecution's key witness—a 17-year-old youth—was ordered sexually by two psychiatrists. The youth, a witness in nearly a dozen cases, may face perjury charges as a result of previous testimony Duthie, now working two days a week in his family's Vancouver bookstore, claimed police had twice beaten him head against a cement wall during interrogations. That charge and other complaints about police tactics have prompted an Ontario Provincial Police inquiry of the investigation. "The whole affair was handled irresponsibly," says federal parliament critic Stuart Leggett, who plans to propose Criminal Code amendments to prohibit pretrial publication of names of those charged with sexual offenses. "Certainly in this case, at least of the names was unnecessary to conviction."

For the moment, few pretrial sentences exist to protect the accused (exceptions do prohibit publication of evidence presented to preliminary hearings and bail applications). "We have opened for the public's right to know," says Alan Bennett, general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. "The rule of the press is the public's legitimate witness can't be told apart." But the Ottawa debacle may force lawmakers and legislators alike to reassess society's assumptions. **JOHN ANDERSON**

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Films

Sometimes violence makes sense—or comes terrifyingly close

TAO DRIVER
Directed by Brian Koppelman

In most movies "senseless violence" is something to be avoided, not understood. To be used as a moral symbol, or a cheap thrill, the killer is kept anonymous and reassuringly alien: even good movies uphold this taboo. The most shocking character in the high-profile cast of *Weekend* is the boy who becomes an assassin. The implication,



Young Porter as killer: It's going on 30

like *Weekend*'s case, is that something awful will happen to us if we look violence straight in the face.

In *Tao Driver*, director Brian Koppelman (*After Hours*)'s *Love How My Mom and Miss Sweet*) breaks this taboo. The movie is breathtakingly close to tell the story of a killer and he makes sense to us—as to as a hero or as a generic fiend, but as a human whose crucifixion began just a stone's throw from everyday life. Through the story of Travis Buckle, a 26-year-old loser who drives a New York cab, Koppelman puts us in the rap with the bull by giving "senseless violence" a name and address,

Somerset makes meaning and genuine horror to what would otherwise be just one more bloody ending.

The film is a summation of cutting psychological reality: a script, several acting and direction so simple and so realistic that the action moves like an alley cat. Above all, Robert De Niro's performance as Travis Buckle makes the challenge of making a character that isn't a hero out of a nobody. It's in the blurry confusion of the voice he uses. De Niro is precise as he develops Travis from an anonymous defunct who can't sleep at night to an armed madman who begins his campaign in the American way, by committing his 19. There are no simple conclusions drawn as to whether killers are made or born. But New York City is clearly the perfect incubator.

Travis' problem, his inability to connect with people, is compounded by others who can't or won't listen to him. As he pines through the dark days of the city like a mouse, he is never cut off from the specific reality of the streets by the shell of his life. Travis cuts himself apart from the "folk and seam" of the night scene. He is alone. One of them is his, the unshakable blood, played with shocking near-venery by Cyril Shusterman. Travis first recognizes and then accidentally recalls her. When she refuses to see him any more, his sense of frustration and anger begin to emerge. "I know that she was just like all the others—cold and distant."

Finally, Travis makes a deal, crucial connection with his, a 120-year-old harder in an act of pure desperation. Travis then to rescue her from her life. But his character has one set of ideas, namely, the romantic cliché: a deal cut by sport, his pump (Harvey Keitel) first maddest innocence becomes the final, causing a reconnection for Travis, and this is that point as his ultimate punishment into an assassin's state of mind. But one further, brutal wonder: understanding means Travis. In the movie's actually unexpected ends, Travis finally becomes a public crusader in Somerset's name as his heroes are created and destroyed by the same idea: a deal cut by sport, his pump (Harvey Keitel) first maddest innocence becomes the final, causing a reconnection for Travis, and this is that point as his ultimate punishment into an assassin's state of mind.

Sleeping' down the road
SECOND VINO

Directed by Ben Stiller

"You see up all you are saying, saying instead of making films if you're director in the country," says *Second* film maker Ben Stiller. "I'm not used to making back at me with every new film." In 1970, Stiller was overgrown's success with his first

feature *Gave Down The Road*, an honest film about two young Manhattaners who take on Toronto. But it's been downhill ever since.

With *Second Wind*, Stiller has gone back to his roots and made it his story there. The story about a businessman who takes up running was shot in five weeks for \$500,000, which wouldn't buy doughnuts for the cost of *Barry Lyndon*. It shows, too. The movie is like a peeky kid, alive in the elbows, and from Stiller's point of view this has to do with the teen-age Canadian film industry as his own limitations. It's a disappointment to see one of Canada's best directors so well behaved and so self-conscious in his fourth feature when he ought to be able to pull out all the stops.

James Naughton does an admirable job of portraying Roger, a 30-year-old nobody for whom life has been easy. He's right, generous, a little son, and a beautiful wife (Lindsay Wagner, it's better woman). When he has run out of yardsticks, he takes up running and because it's the first thing to really problem on the line he starts obsessively to be a winner. It's almost too late for his marriage by the time he learns that he's been making the right things in the wrong place.

The story is a good idea, but the theme is not as deep as you can see it. It's a story about a man who has been thinking through them. Watermarks have been studied like portraits to make the whole thing happen. Wind whistles around the place of his dialogue, but he's missing just out everywhere ("You're up again, don't you know?" says the coach). Although the film is distinctly pretty, the idea of northern Ontario can't disguise the fact that the film is underdeveloped. *Second Wind* looks as if it's running scared, which says more about the Canadian film-making machine than Stiller. —MARTIN JACOBSON

Wagner and Naughton beautiful lovers



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Television

A journey through hell with a madman

When Malcolm Lowry died in 1957, drunkenly choking down an overdose of sleeping pills, he left behind a living masterpiece, *Under The Volcano*, and a lot of empty gin bottles. According to the small band of Lowry devotees that since then has made a lifestyle out of studying his work, he left something else as well: a curse. Red neck, blond, mere death supposedly, he kills anyone who gets too close to the flag-

ship, the drunken, incoherent madman of Lowry's life. British degred Lowry's real, slurring, as all his old haunts—England, Mexico, California, New York and Brazil Columbia (where Lowry spent the better part of 30 years, completing *Under The Volcano* on a remote sugar-island shock). The resulting *Volcano* ran 30 hours.

Then Britain tracked Richard Burton forward a film Lowry's wife once noted that the actor sounded like her husband. Burton's wife, Elizabeth Taylor, was ill at the time and Burton wanted for days in London while Burton finally agreed to leave her long enough to read passages from Lowry's work and learn for a \$2,000 fee



Lowry (left) and his biographer Brittain on the set of *The Volcano*.

to his novel's rough-hewn life. A Lowry biographer, Conrad Kiskadee, did not get a role, but the curse seems to have little validity. At least it didn't interfere with film maker Donald Brittain as he worked on his 99-minute National Film Board documentary, *Volcano An Inquiry Into The Life And Death of Malcolm Lowry* (CBC, April 7).

Besides, Brittain had enough problems without worrying about a curse. For one thing, when co-producer Bob Deacon bought the idea for a Lowry film to him in 1974 he barely knew who the author was. But Brittain, an award-winning director whose film includes profiles of Anais Nin, Norman Mailer, and poet Leonard Cohen, was intrigued by the murky details of Lowry's life that Deacon outlined. Sixteen months later he finds himself not so much intrigued as downright shaken. "The whole experience spoke to me," he says. "As a result I became totally consumed working on the film. My social life suffered, but it had to be done right."

Brittain did it right. On one level, the film succeeds as an introduction to Lowry—a complex, his complex, symbolic prose so that it holds some meaning for a mass audience. On another level, it is a wild documentary journey through

In addition to Brittain's fine screenplays star scenes, the film mingles with the voices and memories of a host of Lowry's friends and acquaintances (included are rare interviews with his brother, Russell, and his second wife, Margaret). More important than the interviews, however, is the cinema place Brittain leads to his film. Brittain's turned up a piece of black wax and uncovered the living hell in which Lowry survived for 43 years drinking incessantly and writing sporadically only three of his books were published during his lifetime. The images Brittain evokes seem pulled from a William S. Burroughs' vision—upside of the syllable, the vision he broods toward him to view at the age of five, an accident that Brittain offered his sensibility, the landing scene of the New York Bowery area where Lowry lived after following his first wife to America, the demon-like celebration of the Mexican Day of the Dead (the religious holiday through which *Under The Volcano* is played out).

In the end, *Volcano* is a horror story, most scary than anything the shockwaves in Hammer films might conceive. In the hands of Brittain's film, the audience discovers that the madman and the victim are both Malcolm Lowry. —RONALD

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Leisure

The business with strings attached

Montreal's new \$25-million Montreal International Airport may be big and it may even be efficient economically. But one thing it isn't pretty. It looks like a bomb bunker. The chilly grey and domed stretch of tarmac. A good place to take off from.

But far and away in one end of this prism of steel and glass and concrete is a speck of color, a small cocktail bar called "Le Cor-Volant" (The Kite) overflowing with 25 different kinds of kites, novelties of angles and wings, tails and boom enough to muddle the mind of the most single-minded market divider. They're the work of Montreal kite maker Claude Thibodeau, a 45-year-old reformed factory owner who is fast becoming a kite whiz. Thomas Edison was to light bulbs. When this summer Montreal's Sherbrooke Street houses what Olympic Games planners call "Corridor," a mile-long gallery for Quebec artists, the business and his flying sky of business and kites will be there too. Picked on a Radio-Canada television channel during a station break and those post-flight kites waiting against the season's logo are his too. Thibodeau's kites have just begun selling at the class of government-controlled Quebec handicraft centers, including a long commercial strip of antique shops, wood carvings and shaggy wall hangings. He's talking about hanging kites from the top and sides of Quebec's province dome and about building kites strong enough to support some speakers which would leave statues down over big crowds or even a small city.

Thibodeau's father of 14 kids like a tough-knuckled hybrid of rock singer Robert Charbonneau and one of the more extensive Max Baucus. Only a handful of years ago he was strong enough, the well-oiled, married co-owner of an industrial curtain plant in North Montreal employing 25 people. The business fell on hard times when his best client went bankrupt and his second wife died of cancer.

"I had lost every moment of my way so I thought, do I get out of the rat race or do I really get out of this rat race?" He chose the latter. Since he had already failed to love with kite flying, he set up a small bar in Old Montreal called "Le Cor-Volant," a bar near to adequately accommodate those who came to restaurants that read "All the day's profits must be drunk or suitably disposed of by midnight."

But people wanted kites and Thibodeau again found himself selling personally close to commercial success. Kite



hungry Americans bought them by the dozens in the summer months and a Canadian store came to him and said, "Make a kite for seven dollars and we will buy all you can give us."

"But the kite," says Thibodeau, pondering a moment, "here in the basement across the street from his life-a-moment apartment in Montreal's inner city. "So just like that." He speaks of it as something religious, a 5,000-year-old artifact of civilization that must be saved (he supervised a kite and passed on). "Everything is right about the kite—the sound of the leaping and the winging of the string, the feel of it, the sight of it. One lives have become so abundant, the only rational thing I can think of is to fly kites."

Thibodeau is working toward a Canadian kite, a kite started in one north climate. He flies them all winter long—the worst day of the year will find him down by the shore of the St. Lawrence playing one

Thibodeau's work is his mainstay, always as yet to see him now—he used to be unhappy

or more kites in the grip of a high winter wind. "There's nothing more than a kite in the snow," he says. He's built strange affairs of nylon and aluminum that look like parachutes and others that look like paper airplanes. One of his most successful he calls "The Modified Regatta Kite" and models it as a mass space program line used to fill space capsules from the surface of the ocean. The biggest he ever made was 60 feet across and held down with two 150-pound tar lines. (It didn't work. The line made kites with wind sails in place of the cones would be and wouldn't have been out of ideas. "There are so many kinds of kites as you can imagine. You know this space between the tops of buildings and the lowest part of the skyline comes? Well, it's like that space is mine. For me and my kites." CLARENCE



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Books

Some things about war are more hellish than others

A MAN CALLED INTELLIGENCE

By William Stevenson (Harcourt \$14.95)
U.S. Secretary of State Henry Stimson was a perfect gentleman. In 1929 he lectured those involved in the sorry business of intelligence: "Gentlemen," he pronounced, "do not read each other's mail." Not, it seemed, much else. *Man Called Intelligence* was published in 1974. The buildup of German military and intelligence had been noted in British reports. But the general concept of noninterference continued in Washington and London throughout the Thirties. In the end, the first world found itself swamped by warships as it came among the lullaby-punchers of the 20th century. They were outwitted by a severely outnumbered Britain, based in England, whose passionate opposition to Hitler made them ineffective for work in North America's British Intelligence Service. Wounded by William Stephenson was prominent among them, and in 1940 when Churchill finally took England to war he appointed the Queen's Counsel head of British intelligence operations. "You must be trusted," Churchill warned him, thus inspiring Stephenson with a security code name.

Toronto journalist William Stevenson, who worked for intelligence details his wartime operations in his new book. Much is familiar: Roosevelt's problems with a necessarily stunted Congress, Joseph Kennedy's Nazi sympathies, the landing of the German spy ship *U-505*. But Stevenson also goes into gripping detail of Canada's war effort. This organized Yugoslav resistance on a passport issued in Canada. Not far from the cat's paws office, thousands were forged and then "baked" to Hitler. At a secret camp in Ontario gardens trained for the successful assassination of Reinhard Heydrich—the butcher of Prague—and the execution of the milder Alexander Korda. There are lots of other war tales all, but the book is unified with the dead sound that envelops every account of necessary evil. After the British broke the Enigma code they had advance notice of such disasters as the attack on Coney Island. Still Churchill kept quiet under duress for the Germans suspect the code was broken. Thousands died. Really top intelligence is some conceal itself. "War is an evil thing," Churchill told a spy caught in the act. "Do you wish to be executed?" Then read the book again. "Then, really, I fear we," replied Churchill, "but in order to live we must play God."

Perhaps no country can understand du-



Stephenson to know isn't always enough

ever so deadly a weapon as intelligence. Perhaps if we were alive today, Churchill would growl that a balance of terror does more to preserve peace than a balance of goodwill. Perhaps. But bad guys are so inspired as good guys, and using the word "intelligence" is to describe it all as a better job.

BENJAMIN ABRAHAM

My country, wrong or wrong

1676. A novel by Glen Veld
Penguin House \$11.95
Admiral Victor is in *Deine Wille*. Indeed his foppish charm and egomaniacal wit glint nicely on the tacky cover of late-eighties shows. Author Glen Veld, impeccably named and named, comes up. *Deine Wille*, *Her Majesty* and the American Constitution in the decision makers of state affairs and a night *Johnny Carson*. But while *Car-*

son cultivated the appearance of superficiality to mask his painful concern with the human condition, Veld's air of concern that masks his superficiality. Like Wilde's cynic, Veld seems to know the price of everything in America and the value of nothing. Critic Philip Taylor dubbed him "the quintessential lightness new writing piece in English."

But what polished and popular prose. Since 1964 Veld has had four novels set in the U.S. and British best-seller lists. *Deine Wille* is a book by self-described "realist-romantic" Veld resembles nothing so much as the stock market area of a glittered society. Publishers paid close to one million dollars for rights to his new novel. 1978. According to Random House the first printing of 75,000 copies was snapped up by advance orders. That should soothe the financial angst of an author whose style runs to a lower apartment in Rome and a villa on Italy's Amalfi coast. "For those who think a romantic man lives in a house, the first month's thing is a real deal," says Veld seriously, looking over his linen gloves and vineyard. "I'm a social realist, not a realist."

His new novel complements the trilogy begun with *Winkings*, *Deine Wille* and a trilogy spanning American politics from the War of Independence to early democracy at Canada. Charles Schuyler, the grandson of Aaron Burr (Thomas Jefferson's infatuation vice-president) and a senator of New York, is now a senator with a career of state affairs and a night *Johnny Carson*. But while *Car-*

Veld on each parade some rain must fall



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And overruling. Over 10,000 listeners protested the possible U.S. adoption. While one letter to R. Ben O'Sullivan, chairman of his committee to introduce as a Private Member's Bill an Act to Provide for the Recognition of the Canadian Beaver. That the government quickly made law. So, once again, righteousness triumphs.

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CBC Radio

33-year-old European-born daughter and very little money. Father and daughter return to America in its occasional year to turn Schuyler's reputation as a man of letters into a means of support. Having gambled the social graces of a wife in a Fifth Avenue Hotel against its varying expense (\$39 a day), father and daughter take New York's private society by storm. Schuyler parades famous social connections and clever journalism into a tidy profit during the fraudulent politics of 1876. Readers may be forgiven for seeing a resemblance between author and fictional hero.

"I should thank a year of anonymity would be highly selective," Vidal recently, "for (America) isn't innocent, our crooked liberalism." No doubt he understands his book as a subtle counterpoint to the self-congratulation and hype of America's bicentennial. If so he is aided by his own talent. With stunning effectiveness he re-creates the America of 180 years ago, a country of desperate economic hardship excepting a small vanguard. A country that was first met for \$3,000, a seat in the Senate cost \$250,000. On Fifth Avenue employed card was welcome step. Ability in earnings rolled by no more to elegant "Escapes." Missing from the America of 1876 is the connection that later galvanized that country in the civil rights days of the early Sixties right up to the center of Bush and Nixon. Placed as today's United States may be, 160 years on, how much has changed in liberalism and social conscience, if not in innocence. But even if America is not America, Vidal's superbly chosen good music. 1876 is the most dazzling novel of easy a publishing season. For his style and craftsmanship, if not his moral acuity, this novel is the most joyful to read in our day. —BARBARA AMEL.

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

1. *Curtain, Christie* (1)
2. *World Of Wonder, Deane* (2)
3. *Song, C. M. (3)*
4. *The Choirboys, Winchester* (3)
5. *Trinity, Ure*
6. *The Snow Walker, Mowat* (3)
7. *Requiem, Dreher* (3)
8. *The Begonias, Polak* (4)
9. *The Moneychangers, Nadey* (7)
10. *Hush, Bell* (10)

- MONITORING
1. *The Canadian Encyclopedia, Harman* (3)
 2. *Brave On The Empty Horses, Niles* (3)
 3. *Teller, Gwynne* (3)
 4. *Diana Day, Webster*
 5. *Spent, Sparrow*
 6. *The Venetian, Gail* (3)
 7. *Redemption Of Life, Carr Brown* (3)
 8. *The Guinness Book Of Records, Ed. by Smith & Ross McWhirter* (7)
 9. *The People's Almanac, Wallechinsky & Wallechinsky*
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Easterners may not have noticed yet, but part of the Liberal Party is missing

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It may be rather hard to swallow at one gulp but consider this (and juggle a bit of the party project): the Liberals could be finished as a national party. It is hard to imagine one nation, this vast nation, benefit of the diverse interests of the parliamentary system as provided by the Greens (one may say uplander, newsworthy side-wings and one greatly back), the slight-of-hand transfer of party points back into the oblivion of the Senate, the lefty wing-ganger that is a Liberal's chief concern. Can you imagine that the Lord's earth could struggle along without the party that brought you Sky Shops, the daily-judge cartoon, fiddle-fiddle, musical 2. Segments scheduled next after cricket and Michael Sheen as divine thinker? Well, imagine it.

The theory is not so much theory as the doctrine the evidence points. Canadian political history indicates a party cannot exist on one level, it must have both provincial and federal viewpoints. It is why the vote is only misleading as a national party. Until it solves the riddle of Quebec and bends into the impoverished Maritimes it is only a pretender to the throne. It is why such regional aberrations as the Union Nationale in Quebec and Social Credit in British Columbia have never had any serious future. And it is why the Liberals, who have ruled Canada 45 of the past 60 years, are interfering on the edge of a great national party—that collapse of the party in the five western provinces is nearly complete. The only saving link is the badly doctor to shoot the Liberals and put it to rest.

For facts, and political view. You don't even have to go into the well-known fact that the Liberals have a shaky hold on only 13 of the 48 federal seats in Western Canada. More important link at the base—the provincial structures that have kept the federal election short. In Alberta, Liberals have disappeared like Depression blow-dried. They don't have a seat either in the provincial legislature or in the Commons. In Manitoba the party has no official legislative status since it is excluded in terms of seats. The same blow-dried for self-declared leader, Charles H. Hurd, failed in a by-election led last year, fishing on the wind of an Ottawa budget. In Saskatchewan where Liberals are normally in opposition, they could make no gains as Allan Rock's wife slipped at last year's election. The party at the base is the Tories led by Dick Collier, who went from 25 to 28% of the vote and from 17 to 27 in seven seats. The Liberals played a head-on campaign this year to reduce little

Davey Stewart of his weary exile but things are so bad they may have to cancel the re-election ceremony because a new knowledge candidate has yet to offer himself for the seat.

It is in fact, however, that the survival of the party too long in power. Federalists have been reluctant to accept so lowly colleagues. Provincially, the Liberal base has "statistically reduced to a minority" in the hands of Conservative wing-side to Justice Minister Brian Mulroney. Support at the polls has disintegrated in the last four elections from 20% to 7%. The lone member left in the legislature, Gordon Gibson, is well soon to be back in the federal



The federal gunner of the Liberals

and then when he came. What should this be inadmissible in the state of Liberalism is that it is such of the last six federal elections has replaced more than half the Liberal senior Western Canada in years, the feds have downplayed their provincial concern by allowing the vote to stand every possible way known to man and Grit.

The current example is that at, with eight losses in the Commons, but the low end of a majority province of elected cabinet members in addition to vote. The lone cabinet member chosen by the now-called Mulroney (who is doing a neat time around at any rate. His margin over little-known Tory rival in Vancouver Centre in the last three elections fell from 17,165 to 5,185 in 1991). The Liberals desperate to downplay their dislike for the vote, reached into the Senate for its second lowest member Ray Perrault. Senator Perrault does not represent anyone. In fact he was

replaced by the voters, having lost his seat in Bantay-Seymour. Having gathered the voters' message the Liberal answer is to promote him into the Senate and the cabinet. They do have a gift.

How the heavy thinkers in the East Block can choose such a tired non-elected westerner as Senator Phylagoras Perre at over the stylish lion Campaigner, the Prime Minister, is completely baffles those of us who have been left out of the Privy Council. She not only has beauty to go with her brains and stoic pose, she has the good sense to share her territory with Prime Trudeau and the nerve to appear before him in a setting at last year's Prime Gilder dinner is a song that shocked his intellect. To top it off, there was that exquisite result to every loyal ac party back and important word leader of the cynical appointment of Jack Austin, the Senator on 15 months later. Reversion of the vote rules high. There are those today who think a 1990 election would yield only two Liberal seats of Thunder Bay—Orin Laag and Jones.

It's become a habit to invite the seniors for the western discontent. Western politicians now led the Liberal "senior Western Economic Opportunities Conference in Calgary in 1973 was a sucker play. They note with random humor that even Ontario Liberals at their April 23 annual meeting will discuss splitting from the federal shadow. The Glassco commission on government efficiency. It is years ago outlined the basic problem. Although 75% of civil servants work outside Ottawa, only one at senior and service executives is to avoid outside Ottawa. Three quarters of the Ottawa brain have never had field experience. The Canadian bureaucracy is twice as concentrated as the American.

We won't even go into the fact that eight years, Trudeau's tenure, was long enough for Harold Wilson or that U.S. law states that eight years is long enough for anyone. Nor will we mention that the Prime Minister of the west, John Turner, has gone and the Toronto area again has a candidate for a leader.

Let us only suggest that a Liberal party led into Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes with the collapse of the west is no longer a believable national party. The politicians between left and right. Times and the situation, has already taken place in Western Canada south is in British Columbia will be going her own way at any rate (the real leader of the opposition in Canada is René Lévesque) and there just isn't any room left for Liberals.

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